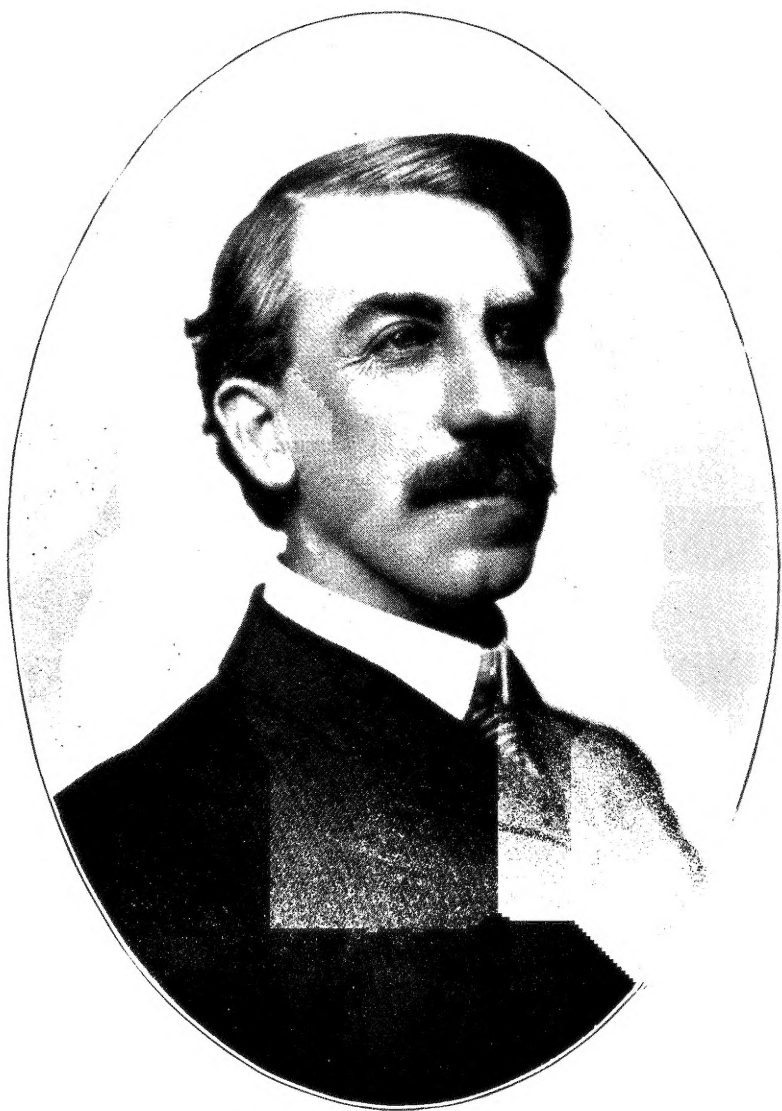


SERMONS

By GEORGE R. STUART



GEORGE R. STUART

SERMONS

BY

GEORGE R. STUART



PUBLISHED BY
PEPPER PUBLISHING COMPANY
609-611 LIPPINCOTT BLDG.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Copyright, 1904

PEPPER PUBLISHING COMPANY

CONTENTS

	PAGE.
TEMPERANCE	9
THE CHRISTIAN HOME	55
STRONG WOMANHOOD	83
LOVE YOUR ENEMIES	121
THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER	150
THE WORLD'S BID FOR A MAN.....	172
FOLLOWING CHRIST AFAR OFF.....	200

A SERMON ON TEMPERANCE.

Rev. Sam Jones and Rev. George Stuart entered the tabernacle at eight o'clock, and looked upon one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the city of Atlanta, Ga. Fully eight thousand people were present, filling the seats and standing in the aisles. Five thousand of this great audience of people were men.

Mr. Jones stepped forward on the platform and introduced Rev. George Stuart as follows:

“Now, brethren, I know we are not exactly comfortable to-night; but if we will all be quiet and thoughtful, and I trust, prayerful—for this is a religious meeting, we are going to have preaching, sure 'nough preaching—you will all be able to hear. I want you to hear the text and the sermon. Brother George Stuart is, as I told you he would be, present, and will now preach.”

Rev. George Stuart stepped to the front of the platform, with his Bible in his hand, looked out upon the audience, and spoke as follows:

I am very glad, indeed, to look into the faces of so

many whom I have met before. I was in Atlanta some time ago with Brother Jones, in our great revival meeting, and I spoke to you exclusively on revival topics. To-night I will address you on another line.

I hold in my hand the Word of God, and it is the source of the Wisdom of God on all subjects: moral, social, business, and political. I shall take from this book to-night the statements of God concerning our nation. Two thousand years before the United States was discovered, before our nation was born, the great God made the statements of my text. Will you hear it? I read from the second chapter of Habakkuk, verses 12, 15, 16 and 17: "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity! Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also. . . . The cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory. For the violence of Lebanon shall cover thee, and the spoil of beasts, which made them afraid, because of men's blood, and for the violence of the land, of the city, and of all that dwell therein."

Many people think it wrong to lie because God

said: "Thou shalt not lie." A great many people think it wrong to steal because God has said: "Thou shalt not steal." All Bible truth runs parallel with the existence of God. It has always been wrong to lie. It has always been wrong to steal. Woe and sorrow do not come upon a people who build their towns with blood and give their neighbor drink because God says, "Woe unto them;" but it is the warning of God because the all-wise Being knew what would be the legitimate fruit of such doings. Woe and sorrow come naturally from the liquor traffic, like fruit grows on a tree. Two thousand years since God spoke these awful truths it turns out that every city in the United States has laid her pavements in the blood of her people, and that the United States has put her stamp upon her liquor bottles, and pressed it to her neighbor's lips. And to-day God Almighty's truth is verified upon us, and woe and sorrow are upon us. If I should name the things that are most hurtful to American peace, happiness and prosperity, and trace them back to their legitimate sources, I would locate them in the liquor barrels and beer kegs of America.

What are the troubles that threaten us to-day? Says one, the spirit of anarchy, now so prominently

mentioned in the press of our nation. Only a short time ago, this spirit was so dominant in the city of Chicago that three hundred armed policemen were called upon to dispel the meetings of anarchists, and every time they were found assembled in the upper rooms of the saloon. And that spirit is born in the saloon. Another great trouble in our country is our strikes and mobs, and when they become uncontrollable in any city the first thing the mayor does is to order every saloon closed. He goes to the fountain from which the mob springs, and the only hope for life and safety is to stop the fountain. Again, we look to-day in the face of the most heinous and wicked corruption in our political life, and every man knows that the infernal liquor business is back of all the political corruption, corrupting our officials and subsidizing our American ballot. The significant fact of closing the saloons on election day shows how dangerous they are, but why tie the mad dog after all are bitten? It is folly to talk of a free ballot and a fair count, when the brewers and distillers of the United States have throttled the country, and literally bought our political leaders. [Applause.] [Sam Jones: "I want you reporters to put down that cheering."]

Again, a wail of woe, sad and pathetic, comes up from the poverty-stricken common people of our country. Never, since the time when that little vessel landed on the American shores, has there been such poverty and distress among the common people of our country. Ninety per cent. of this poverty is traceable to the liquor traffic.

Again, a wail of woe comes up from the widowhood and orphanage of our land. These widows and orphans are the legitimate work of the barroom, to say nothing of the husbands and fathers murdered and ruined by the liquor traffic. Ninety per cent. of the divorces of America are traceable to the saloon. It is unnecessary to recount the sorrow, woe, poverty, beggary, misery, distress and bloodshed that have been the topics of the temperance speeches for the past century. It is needless to answer the questions: "Who hath sorrow? who hath woe? who hath redness of eyes?" Surely we look to-day upon the awful fulfilment of the words of God Almighty in my text. Woe unto the nation that buildeth her towns with blood, and that giveth her neighbor drink. The American people have never looked upon such a period in her history. Nothing but this monumental crime and the curse of God Almighty could

bring us into such a condition, amid our fertile fields and waving harvests. Think of the wonderful resources of America; think of her brain and her brawn, and then think of her poverty. There seems to be no Moses to lead us forth.

I walk up to Col. Politics, whose blatant voice is heard throughout the land, and I ask him what is the matter with our country. Without looking up to his God or consulting his Bible, he answers: "It is the agitation of the silver question that is ruining this country." "That," says he, "is the momentous question of the age. That settled satisfactorily, prosperity will smile upon us." Let us see if that is the question. Do you know how much silver there is in the United States? If I had on this platform every slick dime and quarter and half-dollar and dollar in the United States, do you know what it would make? A little over six hundred million dollars. How much gold coin have we? If you had every dollar dug up out of the banks and taken out of the hands of monopolists, and put into a pile, there would be a little over six hundred million dollars. Put all the silver money in the United States and all the gold money in the United States here in one pile, and what would it all make? A little over twelve hundred million dol-

lars. Our drink bill for 1895 was more than twelve hundred million dollars. We can pick up the whole bulk of our gold and silver coin, and chuck it into a hole, and still the country moves on, and Col. Politics would have us believe that if we shake the financial question a little the whole country will go to pieces. Yet, I say, we can throw away every dollar of coin in the United States every year for liquor, and Col. Politics doesn't consider the question worth discussing. Do you know why? Because the brewers and distillers of this country, into whose hands this twelve hundred million dollars go, have bought our politicians like hogs are sold in the market, and have stopped their mouths and hushed their voices; but thank God there are some mouths not yet on the market! [Applause.]

Again, I say, what is the matter with the country, Col. Politics? The answer comes back: "The tariff question properly settled will bring prosperity." Come with me to the custom-houses of America, and write down every import into the United States at its ad valorem value, to say nothing of tax, and the whole business will not pay our liquor bill for one year. What is the matter with the country, Col. Politics? The answer comes back: "Settle the na-

tional bank question properly, and we shall have prosperity." I will go to the city of New Orleans and get every national bank in the city; I will go to New York and get every national bank; to Boston and get every national bank; to Chicago and get every national bank; to San Francisco and get every national bank; and will take every national bank in the United States, not leaving out one, and pile them down in one pile, every dollar of national bank stock in the United States, and the whole business will not pay our liquor bill for one year. All the national banks in the United States do not aggregate twelve hundred millions of dollars. When a few banks break in New York, and a few in Chicago, and a few in New Orleans, the whole country becomes alarmed; yet we can throw our arms around every national bank in the United States, and chuck them into the whisky hole, and still the country lives. How can we live? Nothing but the almost infinite resources of America could have kept us from starvation during the past. But at last drink has blocked up the channels through which our resources flow, and our wheat and flour rot in the warehouses for want of a market, and the women crying for bread. [Applause.] I make no apology for dealing in the economics of this question to-

night. When my Saviour, touched by the needs of the people, wrought miracles to alleviate the pain and the suffering, and multiplied the loaves and fishes to feed the hungry, I make no apology for discussing the bread question. I believe in a practical Christianity that carries a Bible in one hand and a bread-basket in the other.

What is pure and undefiled religion? "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." The way to visit the widow and the orphan is to come in time to help. Suppose as I pass down the street to-night, Brother Jones walking by my side, a man should rush up and draw a keen-bladed knife and stab me three or four times. After seeing me fall on the street, Brother Jones runs up and says to me: "Here, George, you can bleed on my silk handkerchief. Is there anything I can do for you? I will stay with you to-night and give you anything I have." I would reply: "Nothing now, nothing now. You came too late. When the blade of that knife glistened above me you ought to have caught the arm and stopped the knife." The infernal liquor traffic has its knife, crimsoned with the blood of millions,

lifted above the homes of this country, and almost every hour of the day it comes down with fearful execution, and we follow up and help the widow and orphan in their affliction. The sensible thing to do is to grab the arm and stop the knife. Down with the infernal liquor traffic and its bloody daggers, which butcher the homes of our land. [Applause.] We have had theory long enough; the preachers and Churches of our land have gone down on record in their resolutions as opposed to the liquor traffic. God help us to get off the record now and go to work. [Applause.] The world is tired of a theoretical religion. It is ripe for a practical religion.

Dr. John B. McFerrin, that grand character, reared in the mountains of Tennessee, with a character as lofty and steadfast as the mountains among which he was reared, was Gen. Bragg's chaplain upon the battlefields of Chattanooga. On a chilly day in November he was walking over the battlefield with his Bible in his hand, reading to the dying soldiers as they lay bleeding upon the field. He walked up to a wounded soldier and said: "Let me read to you." The soldier replied: "O chaplain, I am so thirsty! I am so thirsty!" If you were ever wounded, you will know what it meant. This practical old Christian

man dropped his Bible by the side of the wounded man, ran off to the nearest water, carried it in his hat, and, lifting up the head of the bleeding soldier, pressed the water to his lips. After he had drunk, the chaplain said: "Now, brother, let me read to you." The soldier said: "O chaplain, I am so cold!" The chaplain doffed his light overcoat and put it about the wounded man, tucked it under as tenderly as a mother would tuck the bedclothing about her sleeping babe, and the wounded soldier, with tearful eyes, looked up into the face of the chaplain and said: "Now, chaplain, if there is anything in that book that tells what makes a Rebel chaplain treat a Yankee soldier this way, read it to me." The world wants practical illustrations of our Christianity, and we will never reveal Christ to this old world until we mix our preaching and our prayers with bread and meat and clothing for the poor. And it is my object to-night to brighten the homes of the poor by turning this twelve hundred millions of dollars, burned up in liquor, into the homes of the poor drunkards' families that it may carry the necessities and comforts of life to them. But, says a man, money is money, and business is business, and when you spend money for liquor you are conducting a great business of our

country, carrying on an important traffic, and the money is not burned up.

Now, I am going to show you that it is burned up. Keep up with me. I do not ask that you have a first-class mind to see it. I can show it to a fellow with half sense. [Laughter.] I will show you where the whisky money goes. Do you know how much it costs to make a gallon of liquor? Some of you ought to, you have drunk enough of it. [Applause.] You certainly know what it costs to get it. It costs about twenty cents a gallon to manufacture it. They used to sell it in my State for twenty-five cents a gallon. Do you know what it sells for over the saloon counter at ten cents a drink? It sells for about four dollars a gallon, not taking into account the licorice and tobacco and other devilment put in it. Now let us see where this four dollars comes from, and where it goes. If you would see where it comes from, stand at the door of a saloon and watch the men come and go. They are the laboring men, the mechanics, the wage-earners, whose families need every cent of their wages.

Now let us see where it goes. Twenty cents of the \$4 goes for apples and corn and rye and other materials out of which the stuff is made, and to pay the

few men used in the manufacture of the stuff. This goes back into the legitimate channels of trade. Five cents in the dollar, then, you see, goes back into legitimate trade. Where does the rest of it go? One large bulk of it goes to the United States Government to pay the great army of officers to look after this business and pay the other expenses of running this murderous and expensive traffic. I believe the United States Government ought to be supported from the luxuries of the rich and not by the bread and meat and clothing of the families of the poor. [Applause.] Another bulk of it goes into our big city corporations to pay extra policemen to take care of drunks and brawls and fights and to quell the mobs created by this traffic, and to lay the streets in front of the palaces of the rich. The poor rascal out there who cannot build a front gate to the cottage of his home is planking down his money upon the counter of the saloon to pave the streets of the great cities. [Applause.] Another bulk of it goes into the hands of the brewers and distillers of this country to make up the millions of dollars which are used by the great liquor organizations of this country to buy our politicians and lawmaking bodies, to subsidize the American ballot, and to dig down

the very pillars of American liberty. The meat and bread and comforts of the poor drunkard's cottage turned into the corrupting fund of our country. [Great applause.] Another bulk of it goes into the hands of the thousands of diamond-studded gamblers, who, with velvet hands and elegantly clothed bodies, have their rooms in the saloon buildings of this country, who do not work, but gather up the money of the saloon crowd and buy their clothes, their diamonds and their fine horses, with the bread and meat of the poor. [Applause.] No wonder the middle classes of this country are in such a distressed condition to-day. Take a family of four boys; let three of them be hard-working boys, and one an idler and a gambler; and if the gambler comes in touch with the money of the other three, he will wreck the whole family. The poor, hard-working fellows who frequent the saloons, are supporting these idle gamblers. You see this money is going out of the hands of the common people; they are the material out of which the prosperity of this country is built. The world is like a pie. The upper crust is brittle and unreliable, and the under crust is soft and smutty, but the goody is in the middle. [Applause and laughter.] I believe in the middle classes of our country, and it is from this class that the saloon is drawing its money.

I hold in my hand a silver dollar. That you may see clearly what I mean, I will spend this money before your eyes. I drop it on this table and call it a saloon counter. That dollar buys a quart of liquor. Now I will take the saloon end of that dollar, and then I will take the home end of it, and see what becomes of the dollar. I will say my name is John, I am a poor drunkard, with a wife and six children. Thank God it is a lie! I am only illustrating. [Applause and laughter.] It is my dollar lying on the counter. I get the quart of liquor, and the saloon gets the dollar. Now come with me down the saloon side, and we will see where that dollar goes. As I have shown you, five cents of it goes back into legitimate trade; and the ninety-five cents remaining is distributed to the United States Government and to the big city corporations and big brewers and distillers and the diamond-studded gamblers of this country, and nearly all of it, as you see, is drawn out of the hands of the common people, and does not come back. So far as the masses of the people are concerned, that money is gone. Now let us take the home end of it. I drink the quart of liquor and start home to the drunkard's cottage. My wife, Sallie, meets me at the door, surrounded by her hungry,

wretched children, and says: "John, what did you bring home?" "I brought you a quart." Now if the ladies in the audience will pardon me, I wish to ask what the quart of liquor in the poor drunkard's stomach is worth. [Great applause.] I say that the dollar is burned up at the home end; not only is the liquor worth nothing to the poor old drunkard's home, but it burns up his body, burns up his mind, burns up his soul, destroys the happiness of his wife and children, ruins his business or trade, disqualifies him for making another dollar, hurts the community, hurts everything. Do you see where the saloon dollar goes? [Applause.] I will spend this dollar again.

I now drop it on the counter of a legitimate business, say the shoe store. I buy a pair of shoes, and the shoe merchant gets my dollar and I get the shoes. Let us take the shoe end and the home end of this dollar, and see where it goes. The dollar is dropped on the merchant's counter. A little of it goes to the home merchant, a little of it goes to the wholesale merchant, a little of it goes to the man who made the shoes, a little of it goes to the man who blacked the leather, a little of it goes to the man who tanned the leather, a little of it goes to the man who skinned

the calf, and a little goes to the man who raised the calf; and from the store counter to the calf-lot, that dollar distributes itself in blessings to the poor. Like one of our mountain streams, it gladdens and blesses wherever it touches. [Prolonged applause.] Now let us take the home end of it. Remember I am still John, the drunkard, with six children and Sallie at home. What is the pair of shoes worth in the drunkard's hands? They are worth one dollar. Why? Because my boy John can put these shoes on his feet, and with them earn another dollar to pay for another pair of shoes. That dollar, like a silver thread in the shuttle of business, is woven into the industry of our country and helps to make our prosperity. That dollar never dies. [Great applause.] But let us come home with that pair of shoes; it adds to the comfort, it adds to the health, and it adds to the happiness of the little cottage home. Now let me spend this dollar again.

I am still John, the drunkard. I will spend one-third of it for meat, one-third of it for flour, and one-third of it for calico. Now let us suppose when I do that the millions of drunkards in the United States join me, and we together spend the twelve hundred million dollars which is now spent for liquor. How

much would that be in each of these articles? Four hundred millions of dollars for meat would buy every steer in the United States at a good price, four hundred million dollars for flour would buy all the flour produced in the United States at a good price, four hundred million dollars for calico would buy every bale of cotton in the United States at \$50 a bale. Suppose we look at the practical results of this business for a moment. Come, all ye American drunkards, come with me to the meat market. Let us divide up ourselves in the city of Atlanta so there will be no more than two or three hundred of us at each beef market this evening. Let us march up to the market and call for meat. "I want a steak;" "I want a steak;" "I want a steak;" "I want a steak." The beef man, as he hurriedly cuts the last piece of meat in the house, looks up at the pressing crowd, and says: "What is the matter, all my meat is gone and a hundred men wait?" [Laughter and applause.] He runs to the telephone and calls to the stock-yards, and while he is ringing every beef market in the city is ringing for the stock-yard. Each one calls out to the stockman, "Send more beeves;" "Send more beeves;" "Send more beeves;" "Send more beeves." The stockman excitedly shouts: "What is the mat-

ter?" The reply comes back: "Nothing, only the liquor money is going for meat." [Great applause.] In every city in the United States the same thing has happened, we will say. The stock-yards send out their men through the country on horseback, in a gallop, to buy beeves to meet the demands. Every few miles a stockman meets another and says: "Hello, where are you going?" "Buying cattle;" "Buying cattle;" "Buying cattle;" "Buying cattle;" "Buying cattle." And this chorus rings through the country. The old farmer catches the chorus, and smiles as he sees his cattle reaching a price at which he can afford to raise them. From the beef market we all go to the grocery store and order flour. "Send up a sack of flour;" "Send up a sack of flour;" "Send up a sack of flour;" "Send up a sack of flour." And as the groceryman throws down his last sack of flour and sees the fifty men waiting for a sack of flour, he says: "What is the matter?" Every groceryman in the city telephones to the mills: "Send up a wagon-load of flour;" "Send up a wagon-load of flour;" "Send up a wagon-load of flour;" "Send up a wagon-load of flour." The mills cry back: "What is the matter?" And the answer comes: "The liquor money is going for flour." [Applause.] The wheat-buyers are sent out through

the country, singing in the chorus, "Bringing in the sheaves," while the sickle of the busy farmer plays the accompaniment, and the farmers of the country are the smiling auditors as they realize that they are to have a good price and a ready sale for their wheat. [Applause.]

Next we all go down to the dry goods store and begin to order calico: "Give me calico;" "Give me calico;" "Give me calico;" "Give me calico." And as the merchant cuts off the last piece of calico, and looks at the store full of men waiting, he rushes to the telegraph office and wires the wholesale house to send him more calico. The wholesale man comes into his office, and there is a stack of telegrams from every section of the United States, and he begins to read the telegrams. And they read: "Send calico;" "Send calico;" "Send calico;" "Send calico." He wires to the cotton markets of the South, and, as his message goes through, all the wholesale buyers send messages through the South to "Buy cotton;" "Buy cotton;" "Buy cotton;" "Buy cotton." And all the cotton of the South finds a ready market at a good price. An advance in cotton means an advance in hogs and mules and wages, and this means prosperity to the middle classes. As the price of meat, flour,

and cotton advances prosperity comes to the country. To turn the pro rata of this twelve hundred million dollars into manufactures and into all of our industries, as it would naturally go, every idle wheel would buzz, and every idle man would have a job. The saloon takes only a man, and the dry goods store takes five; the saloon takes one man, and the sawmill takes ten; the saloon takes one man, and the cotton mill takes a hundred. Stop the saloons and turn the money into legitimate business, and there would not be men enough in the United States to run the shops and stores and factories. The cry would be, "Give us men;" and not the everlasting cry, "Give us a job." [Applause.]

But let us take the home end of this twelve hundred million dollars spent for meat and flour and calico. I got my part of it, and I am poor John, the drunkard. Home I go. Wife meets me at the door, and says: "John, what have you brought?" I reply: "Sallie, you have been as good a wife to me as any man ever had. We have as good, sweet children as ever blessed a home. I have turned all your comforts into the saloon for the past ten years, but I have quit. We are going to have meat at our house. We are going to have biscuits. Sallie, take this calico

and make little John and Jim two or three changes of calico waists. Make little Mary and Annie some new calico dresses. My home shall be fed and clothed these incoming years, and you and the children shall be happy." With tears and smiles she embraces me, and the little children crawl about my lap and put their little arms about my neck, and the poor drunkard's home, once so starved and wretched and desolate, is now bright and happy. [Great applause.] Don't tell me that we are suffering from overproduction, when the orphan millions of our United States call for bread and meat and clothes and shoes. We are not suffering from over-production, but we are suffering from under-consumption. [Great applause and cries of "That's so."]

The drunkards' wives and children of this country need the necessities and comforts which are burned up in the saloon every year. Their comforts lie on the counters of the stores and the groceries; their bread lies rotting in the great warehouses of this country, while the twelve hundred millions that ought to command these comforts pour down into the saloon hole and the drunkards' families cry for bread. [Applause.]

Going through one of our Southern cities, I saw

tacked against many a little cottage and shop a little board on which was written: "For Rent." On every street I went I read the words: "For Rent," "For Rent." I said to myself: "Our people have all gone North." Going up the streets of New York, I read the little words: "To Let," "To Let." I said: "They have gone to the Northwest." I went down the streets of Chicago, and I read the words: "To Let," "To Let." I said: "They have gone to the Southwest." Going up and down the streets of Galveston, Tex., I read the words: "For Rent," "For Rent." I said: "Where are the folks? Gone to heaven, I guess." [Laughter.] I take a pick and begin to dig under those little words, "For Rent," and here is what I find: [He raps two or three times on the table with his knuckles, imitating some one knocking at the door.] The wife within says: "Husband, some one is knocking at the door." The husband, at the door: "Why, Mary, my child, where did you come from? And here is little John and little Bess. God bless you. How tired you look. Where did you come from?" The woman bursts into tears, and says: "Papa, please sir, don't scold me. John drank, drank, drank; he did not attend to the store. He became involved in his business, and they closed him

out. Out of employment, and drunk in the streets, he was arrested. I sewed for our rent as long as I was able. But they came and took my furniture for the rent, and turned us out into the street, and I didn't know anywhere to go, and I had to come home. Please, papa, don't scold me." Putting his arm around his suffering child, he said: "God bless you, my darling, papa will not scold you. Come in with the little ones. Take the room you used to occupy, with the little ones, and eat at papa's table." And there is a little store for rent and a little cottage for rent. Can you see it? [Applause.] Five months have passed, and late in the evening another rap is heard at the door. "Mary," says papa, "I hear some one knocking at the door." The father goes. "Why, Annie, my precious child, where did you come from?" "Papa, please sir, don't scold me. Bob drank and drank until he lost his job on the railroad, and I don't know where he is. I tried to work and pay the rent, and to buy bread for my little ones. I stood it as long as I could; but we were turned out of the home, and I had to come home." "God bless you, my child! Papa will not scold. Take the room opposite your sister's. Papa will do the best he can for you." And there is another cottage for rent. Drunk-

ards, drunkards, drunkards. Homes for rent, shops for rent, stores for rent. [Applause.] Come into our cities and look for our drunkards' families, literally packed down in these tenement flats—a whole family in one room, and living in squalor and poverty. Little women working their very fingers off running their sewing machines, until every bone in their entire body aches, while their drunkard husbands pour their money over the saloon counter. Take those women and children and put them into happy little cottages and turn the wages of their husbands from the saloon to the markets and the stores, and there would not be a house for rent in the United States. [Applause.]

While Sam Jones and I were preaching in Houston, Tex., a few months ago, I made this statement in reference to rents. The pastor of a Methodist Church said: "O George, your speech about rents called to the minds and hearts of these people that we have just had it sadly illustrated. The daughter of one of our preachers married a good man, who, after his marriage, began to drink. He lost his business, and walked the streets of this city a drunkard. His wife was a member of my Church. I often visited her. I saw the blue veins on her face and her tearful eyes

as she said: 'O brother, the rent-paying haunts me like a nightmare. I have to sew till nearly midnight to make the rent and pay for the little that my half-starved children eat. My husband came in and found me sewing at nearly midnight the other night, and he said if he caught me sewing again that late he would kill me. But, O brother, I am obliged to sew.' " The preacher told me that he had seen the little woman at one of the preliminary meetings at the tabernacle. And the last song they sang at the tabernacle was: "We'll never say good-bye in heaven." That very night, possibly making up the hour she had lost at the service, she was found by her husband stitching away at midnight, thinking of rent! Rent!! RENT!!! Staggering into the room, wild with drink, he said: "I told you I would kill you." Bang! Bang!! Bang!!! Three balls tore their way through her quivering flesh. As her little children came screaming around her, she sent her little boy for the preacher. "And," said the preacher to me, "as I stooped over her dying body, she whispered, as her life-blood ebbed away: 'We'll never say good-bye in heaven, and, thank God! there will be no rent to pay up there.' " This is but one of almost daily occurrences throughout the land. Shall we men, who

hold the ballot of our country and the destinies of these poor women in our hands, suffer such cruelties year after year? God Almighty help us come to the rescue of our suffering women! [Prolonged applause.]

Let me borrow an illustration. I have heard so much and read so much along this line that I hardly know what is original. The truth is, I don't care much about originality, anyhow. There is so little of it in the country. [Laughter.] If the bishop should be standing at my front gate with his gold-headed walking-stick, and a mad dog was to run up, I would jerk that cane out of his hand and break it into pieces over the mad dog; and if he should say, "George, you have used my cane," I should say, "Thank God, I have killed the mad dog." In fighting this mad dog of hell, whose poisonous fangs are piercing our homes, I don't ask where I have gotten the stick; I pick up anything I come across that will do the work. But let me give you this illustration: Here are four American machines. Look at them. The first is a sawmill, the second a grist mill, the third a paper mill, the fourth a gin mill. Let me ask them some questions. "Hello, sawmill, what is your power?" "Steam or water." "Turn it on and let the wheels

buzz. What is your material?" "Logs." "What is your manufactured article?" "Lumber." "Lumber worth more than logs?" "Yes, sir." "Then you take the raw material and manufacture it into an article worth more than the raw material?" "Yes." "Then you create values?" "Yes." "You are a good machine. We will put our arms around you, and preserve you as an American industry with honor." "Hello, little machine, what are you?" "I am a grist mill." "What is your power?" "Steam or water." "Turn on the power. Let us hear the music of the wheels, the creak, and the creaking old mill, Maggie. What is your raw material?" "Wheat and corn." "What is your manufactured article?" "Flour and meal." "Flour and meal worth more than wheat and corn?" "Yes." "Then your manufactured article is worth more than the raw material?" "Yes." "Then you create values, and we will put our American arms around you and protect you as an American industry of honor." "Hello, little machine, what are you?" "I am a paper mill." "What is your power?" "Steam or water." "What is your raw material?" "Old rags." "What is your manufactured article?" "Linen paper." "Linen paper worth more than rags?" "Yes." "Then take your place

with American industries." "Hello, machine, what are you?" "I am a gin mill." "Look here, I have not much confidence in you. You may have to have witnesses to what you say. What is your power?" "The votes of the Church people of this country." "Shut up." [Great applause.] "Yes, Stuart, that's right," says the gin mill. "You ask some of these men. The very day that all the Methodists and all the Baptists, to say nothing of all the other denominations, shall cease to vote for me, that day I stop, stock still, never to go again." [Applause and cries from the audience: "That's so."] [Mr. Stuart turned on the platform and asked all the ministers: "Brother, is this so?" "Yes, sir." He turned to the audience and said: "Everyone that says this is so, answer yourself." And a great cry of "Yes! yes! yes!" came from all parts of the tabernacle.] "I had to have a great deal of evidence to believe what you say. But they have put it down on me. I must believe it." The power of the saloon is the votes of the Church people in this country; they hold the balance of power. "Turn on your power, ye members of the Church of Christ. Start your infernal machine. Run it day and night, weekday and Sabbath. But what is your raw material?" [Mr. Stuart called three

little boys to the platform, put his arms around them, and stood a moment while the audience applauded.] “What is your raw material, I ask?” “Our American boys.”

A young man was shot down in the streets of Atlanta some time ago. He was drinking. The man who shot him was drinking. In his pocket was found a list containing the names of eighty-five young men. On the paper was written: “These young men, to my knowledge, during the past few years have gone to their graves by liquor in Atlanta, Ga.” Why are these little boys better than the eighty-five? They were mothers’ boys, once as sweet and as innocent as these. How much depends upon whose boys you take!

When preaching in Austin, Tex., I called a little boy to the platform. After my sermon was over, the pastor of the Methodist Church said: “George, do you know whose boy you called to the platform for your illustration?” “No,” said I. “He was the boy of the bookkeeper of the biggest wholesale liquor house in town.” That night, in our gospel meeting, a man came weeping to the altar, and said: “I am the man whose boy you had on the platform last evening. Pray for me, that I may be a Christian.”

Brother, when it gets your boy you will be a Prohibitionist.

When I made the liquor fight in Monroe, La., I stopped at the home of a banker. After my speech one night, the house of the banker was set on fire—and here let me say, that the men back of this infernal liquor traffic will do anything to stop the fight and perpetuate their nefarious business. During my liquor fight in Tennessee they burned down my two barns with my buggies and my horses, and any man in this country who takes up the liquor fight takes his life in his hands. An old friend of mine came to me and said: “George, this fight ought to be made, but the people of your town love you, and do not want to see your property burned up. Let somebody else do the work in your State.” I said to him: “Wife and I have talked the matter over, and we are willing that they shall burn our property, and when the cause needs it, burn us too; but they will never hush my voice nor check my effort. The victory over this infernal traffic must rest on the ashes of martyrs, and we may as well begin. [Applause.] But to my illustration. The liquor men set fire to the banker’s house in which I was stopping. The cry of fire was heard. He went to the telephone, which was near

my sleeping-room. His voice was as soft as a woman's. He called up central. "Central, can you tell me where the fire is?" When told that she thought it was the cotton compress, he replied: "Thank you, Central." But on going to his rear door and opening it, the flames were leaping from his own building. He threw up both hands, and screamed at the top of his voice: "My God, wife, it is our house! It is our house afire!" The wildest excitement prevailed. The good fire company, however, saved us from much damage. The next morning I said: "My friend, when you thought it was the other man's house afire, it was, "Central, where is the fire?" in the softest tones and the most indifferent way; but when you realized it was your own house afire, how different your conduct! When the liquor fire touches your home, you will be aroused to this subject. Here are somebody's boys.

"These boys?" "Yes, yes, yes, yes." "Turn on your power." "Give me these boys." But listen. What is that I hear? A man from the audience cries: "Not that boy; he is my boy." But who are you? This is an American institution, she has got to run. What care we for homes and hearts and lives. "Give me this boy." What is that I hear? Another

cry? It is a mother: "Not that boy; he is the joy of my home and the light of my life." "Shut your mouth. Who are you? What are American women and children? This is an American institution, and she has got to run. If it takes millions of boys annually from the hearts and homes of our land, she has got to run. Give me that boy." "Turn on your power." Grind! grind!! grind!!! There is your manufactured article, body, mind and soul ground up. There it is. What is it? A drunkard. Who is the drunkard? Mother's darling boy. What is he fit for? The railroads won't use him. The stores won't use him. Mechanics won't use him. He is a blight to society and a burden on the home. What is he fit for? A few of them are occasionally used in politics, but, thank God! the day is nearly passed when liquor-soaked bloats can be elected to the offices of our land. [Applause.]

I lift up this poor drunkard, the manufactured article of the saloon, and ask him again: "Of what were you made?" "Of a bright American boy, a boy capable of earning wages, and adding to the wealth of the home and the country." "What are you worth?" "Nothing. I am a burden to the home and the State and the country." "Drunkard, what

made you?" "The saloon over there made me." "Saloon, what made you?" "The law over there made me." "Law, who made you?" "That legislator over there made me." "Legislator, who made you?" "The ballot in the hands of the Churchman over there made me." "Churchman, did you cast the ballot that made the man that made the law that made the saloon that made the drunkard?" "Well, I always stick to my party." "That is not the question I asked you, sir. Did you vote for the man that voted for the law that made the saloon that made the drunkard?" "Yes. He represented my party, and I never scratch the ticket." Take this picture, my fellow-citizens; here is a chain with the following links: a drunkard, a saloon, a law, a legislator, and a voter—five links. Do you see it? Let us go to the last link. "Poor drunkard, where are you going?" "To hell." "How do you know?" "The old Book says: 'No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven.'" "Poor fellow, would to God I might save you." I go to the top of the chain. "Churchman, where are you going?" "I am going to heaven." "How do you know?" "About forty years ago the Lord took my feet out of the mire and clay and placed them upon the Rock, and put a new song"— "Shut

your mouth; shut your mouth. You miserable hypocrite, I have a contempt for such twaddle." [Great applause.]

Let every man hear this statement. If the lower link goes to hell and the upper does not, if the poor old drunkard goes to hell and the Churchmen, who voted for the saloon that made him, don't go with him, then the drunkard can stand on the black-crested waves of damnation and cry: "Unjust, unjust, unjust," until he will tear down the pillars of heaven. [Applause and cries of "Amen."]

In my fight against the saloon in Weatherford, Tex., the court house was packed with men. I was representing the work of the gin mill to them. The ladies had prepared some flowers for the table. One of the brightest features of my fight against the liquor traffic is that though there are storms and dangers in the battle I fight, my battle is for helpless women and innocent children, and at every turn of the march I meet the flowers of their gratitude strewn along my pathway. I represented the sawmill with a bouquet, the grist mill with a bouquet, the paper mill with a bouquet. I said: "I do not want to represent the saloon with a bouquet of flowers. Its mission has been to destroy the brightest flowers of earth.

Will some one lend me something by which I can represent this gin mill?" A gentleman took from one of the lamps a smoky lamp chimney, and handed that to me. After running the boys through this gin mill, and crushing their mind and soul and body, I held the smoky chimney up in my hand and asked the audience: "What shall I do with it?" A great big fellow, whose precious boy had been ground up in the gin mill, rose to his feet, with tears streaming down his face, and cried: "George, bust her!" The audience applauded. I held it a minute and asked again: "What shall I do with it? It is your institution." Twenty or thirty gentlemen yelled in concert: "Burst it!" I saw the fire was catching from man to man, and I held the chimney a moment in my hands and cried again, "Fellow-citizens, what shall I do with it?" and the entire audience screamed until they almost lifted the roof of the house, "BUST HER!!" I turned to a post near and struck the lamp chimney against it, breaking it into a thousand pieces. I never heard such a yell go up from an audience, and as I stamped the pieces of glass beneath my feet I screamed myself like a Comanche Indian, for it seemed to me that the cracking of the glass beneath my feet was but a prophecy of the day when

the American people would dash the saloon to the earth and tramp it back to the hell from which it came. [Great applause.] A telegram a week later announced the fact that Weatherford had carried for prohibition. [Applause.]

“But,” says a man, “we must operate this traffic to aid us in paying our taxes.” Have you never learned that the saloon has never paid its way, that the expenses to run it are more than the taxes derived from it? But if it were a fact that immense revenues were obtained from this traffic, the fathers and mothers of America are not yet willing to barter their boys for taxes. [Applause.]

Among our mountains some years ago there lived a man who made a living by catching rattlesnakes. The reason he could thus make a living was that all the fools are not yet dead. He caught rattlesnakes and put them in boxes and covered them with glass and exhibited them on his front porch upon the public road, and sold them to curiosity hunters. This mountaineer had one child, a fat-faced, chubby-handed, sweet little child he called Jim. He always met him on his home-coming at the front gate. The old mountaineer, when not bringing home a rattlesnake, would gather him in his arms and kiss his

chubby face. He could taste the sweetness of his boy's cheek through the heavy layer of dirt. Jim was the most precious object on earth to him. He brought a rattlesnake from the mountains one day, placed it alive in the glass-covered box, slipped the lid over it, and stepped out to the wood-pile to chop some wood. Little Jim came up to the glass-covered box, pulled back the lid, and, with his chubby little hands, pulled the live reptile on the lap of his little linsey dress. The snake planted his fangs in the cheek of the little fellow while he screamed: "Papa! papa!! papa!!!" The father, hearing his cries, ran with axe in hand, slipped the handle of the axe into the coils of the snake, threw it into the yard, and chopped its head off. Gathering little Jim in his arms, he began to cry: "Jim's dead! Jim's dead!" His neighbor Tom, hearing the cry, ran over to his cabin home. As the little boy lay on his mother's lap, his body swelling and his eyes bloodshot, the mountaineer said to his neighbor: "Tom, little Jim is going to die, and I would not give little Jim for every rattlesnake on these old mountains and for every dollar I have made off of them." Brother, we have got the serpent of the still, and put him in our glass-front saloons for the hope of the revenue. But our boys

have stepped off the home steps and walked down into the glass-front saloons, pulled this serpent upon their hearts and lives, and the great cry comes up from all the earth to-day: "My boy is gone! My boy is gone!" I never look into the bloated face or blood-shot eyes of a drunkard American boy but that I don't say in my heart: "I would not give that one American boy for every dollar we have made off the infernal stuff." [Applause.]

A widow with two noble young boys traded her country home for a cottage in one of our towns. The cottage was near a little shoe shop, where the honest workman plied his honest trade to the hurt of nobody. These boys went and came in their daily toil, and were innocent and happy about the cottage door of their widowed mother. But a saloon took the place of the shoe shop, and the music in the saloon attracted these boys. A while they stood on the outside and listened, and then they stood on the inside, and then the saloon got on the inside of them, and you know the old story. The mother wept over her drunken boys. The oldest, intoxicated on the public square, picked a quarrel with a man, drew his knife, and started toward him, and was shot down on the street. They carried his bleeding body to his broken-hearted

mother. It was but a short time until the other boy came to his death through that same saloon. And this widow joined the great army of suffering mothers who make contributions of the precious boys to this infernal traffic. A little while after her last boy was buried, the saloon took fire at midnight, and from it her little cottage caught fire, and she barely escaped with her life. She sat upon a little pile of wood in her yard at the midnight hour, with her sad face in her wrinkled hands, while the dying embers of her little cottage threw their ghosts upon her pitiful form. The crowd that gathered were moved by the picture. A subscription was started, and soon a man stood by her, saying: "Don't cry any more; we have raised money enough to replace your house." Lifting her face from her hands, she said: "I wan't crying about the little house; it wan't much, no way. I wan't crying about the furniture; there was little of it. But that same old saloon burned up John and Willie; and nobody got up a paper to save my boys; and if you cannot bring back John and bring back Willie, don't bother about the little house. My life is ruined anyway." I am the man, fellow-citizens, to circulate the paper to down the saloons and save the boys. [Applause.]

In the whisky fight in Kentucky I told this story to an audience of three or four thousand people, and an Irish woman with a sweet old care-worn face came running up the aisle, and stopping just in front of me, and, lifting up both her hands, while the tears ran down her wrinkled face—I wish I could repeat her words in her Irish brogue, for the very brogue seemed to lend pathos to every sentence—she cried: “Misther Stuart, the saloons have got me boy; the saloons have got me boy; the saloons have got me dairling boy.” As I looked into her tearful face and heard her pathetic words I felt that my heart would burst and fall in blood at her feet. I said: “Will every woman in the audience who can join this broken-hearted woman in saying, ‘The saloons have got my boy, or my father, or my husband,’ hold your hands up.” Hundreds of hands went up over the whole audience. Some were white hands; some were wrinkled; some were clad in kid gloves, and some in cotton gloves. I pointed to the uplifted hands, and said: “Fellow-citizens of Kentucky, I don’t know what kind of stuff you are made of, but God Almighty made a boy from the mountains of Tennessee of the stuff that will walk up by the side of these women with their uplifted hands, and raise the black flag

and fight to the death the infernal curse that blights their homes and blights their lives." [Applause.]

During one of our great tabernacle meetings Brother Jones and I got a telegram from Bowling Green, Ky., stating: "We are in the liquor fight. We must have the help of Sam Jones or George Stuart." Brother Sam read the telegram and said: "George, one of us must go." I replied: "Hold this meeting and I will go; but I will run up to my home and kiss my wife and mother and children." The fires at my home and the threats at various times had made my home folks a little nervous. My wife and mother followed me to the gate and kissed me. Mother said: "My boy, be very careful; you are going into a very dangerous fight;" and then, remembering how the infernal liquor traffic had blighted and saddened her home, she said, "But do your duty for the poor suffering women of Kentucky, and God will take care of you." I walked off of my home steps with the kiss of my mother and wife and little ones still warm on my lips, committing my life to the care of Him who gave it. Stepping off the train at Bowling Green, a committee met me. They said: "George, she's as hot as a cook stove. If you spit on her, she will fry. We thought a committee had better meet

you for safety." As I walked up the street I heard the comments of the enemy. For days and nights I stood on the public square of that city and fought for "God and home and native land." When the last speech was made I took the train for home, tired and worn with the battle. The evening I arrived home I was lying on the lounge resting, when my door-bell rang. My wife announced a telegram, saying: "You need not get up. It does not need any answer; it is only good news from Bowling Green. "Bowling Green carried for prohibition. Thank God and Stuart." [Great applause.] Every person who has a handkerchief get it ready. I will tell you a handkerchief story. Lying there on the lounge, I took my handkerchief from my pocket, and, waving it, while tears of gratitude ran down my cheeks, I said: "Wife, the day is coming when the pure white banner of temperance will wave its graceful folds over the downfall of every saloon in glorious old America." Those of you who will enter the battle of the white flag, work for victory, and shout in triumph, let us hail the oncoming victory by waving our handkerchiefs. [Thousands of white handkerchiefs fluttered in the air, presenting a marvelous scene, while from all over the building shouts of en-

thusiasm—"Amen!" "Hallelujah!" "Glory to God!"—went up from the audience, while Mr. Stuart stood waving his handkerchief and stamping his foot, and crying: "Down with the infernal saloon! down with the infernal saloon!" It was several minutes before the excitement and enthusiasm of the audience quieted down so the speaker could continue.]

I close my talk of the evening with this little incident connected with the battle at Bowling Green. I passed through that town after the saloons were voted out, and my friends gathered around me and told me of the results of the victory. One merchant said: "A few weeks after the saloons were closed I saw a drinking-man walk out of my store with shoes, domestics and calico. I touched one of the men in the store, and said: 'There goes George Stuart's man now. Look at him. Instead of liquor, he carries home to his wife and children the comforts of life.' " The milkman came up, and said: "George, I wish you could have been with me a few rounds in my wagon after the saloons were put out." I said: "What about it?" He replied: "The milk would not hold out." [Applause.] He said: "I drove up to a drunkard's cottage, and a little girl came out to the wagon." God pity the little girls of the drunkards! "I noticed

that her face was brighter than usual, and she said: 'We want a quart of milk this morning.' I replied: 'No, you don't. I know what you get. You only want a half-pint.' But as they did not pay promptly for that, I did not care to increase it. Looking up into my face, she said: 'Yes, sir, we do; we want a quart of milk this morning.' I said: 'No, you don't; I know what to give you.' She called her mamma to the door, and as her mother stepped to the door with a full week's milk tickets in her hands, the little girl said: 'Mamma, don't we want a quart of milk this morning?' The mother said: 'Yes, we will take a quart of milk.' As I filled up the cup of the little girl until the white milk crowned it, she looked up with a smile playing over her sweet little face, and said: 'Mr. Stuart drove the saloons out of Bowling Green, and papa has quit drinking, and we are going to get a quart of milk every morning now.' " [Great applause.]

Brother! brother! My life-work is to push the bottle from every drunkard's hand, and to crown the cup of their helpless children with pure life-giving milk. Will you help me? Every one in this great audience, men and women, who will join the fight, stand on your feet.

The large audience jumped to their feet amid the greatest enthusiasm, and a voice from the platform cried: "Thank God, everybody is up!"

Some one started, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the audience sang it with wild enthusiasm. Following this, Sam Jones made a characteristic talk of thirty or forty minutes, and the great audience was dismissed.



THE CHRISTIAN HOME.*

Genesis xviii. 19: "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him."

I shall throw myself upon the sympathy and prayers of this great audience to-night as I invite your attention to a subject that ought to engage the thought of every character present. If you are a father or a mother, a son or a daughter, the subject of this hour ought to secure your thoughtful attention. I shall go with you to-night to

THE DEAREST AND MOST SACRED SPOT ON EARTH

to you and me—a spot around which cluster the sweetest associations and the most precious memories. I shall speak to-night of home. The longer I live, the more I visit from home to home, the more I see of the sorrows and cares, the successes and failures of this life, the more I am impressed that

*This sermon was preached Friday evening, March 8, 1895, to five thousand people, in the great entertainment hall in the Exposition building in St. Louis, Mo., during the Jones-Stuart meetings in that city.

the home problem is the greatest problem of our civilization. The homes of our country are so many streams pouring themselves into the great current of moral, social and political life. If the home life is pure, all is pure. The home is the center of everything.

From the proper or improper settlement of the home question comes more of joy or sorrow, more of weal or woe, than from all other questions combined. Build your palaces, amass your great fortunes, pile up your luxuries all about you, provide for the satisfaction of every desire; but as you sit amid these luxuries and wait for the staggering steps of a drunken son, or contemplate the downward steps of a wayward daughter, happiness flies out of your heart and your home. There is nothing that can render happy the parents of godless and wayward children. Around the home circle of the cottage or the palace are greater possibilities of joy or sorrow than in all the rest of the world. Not only does the happiness of the world center in the home, but the moral, social and civil life of the world emanates from the home. Every drunkard, every gambler, every debauchee, every lost character once sat in mother's lap and learned the mother tongue and mother

thought and mother action—the mother life. The downfall of every character can be traced to some defect in the home life. If God Almighty has fixed it up so we cannot take our children to heaven with us, He has put us in a horrible condition. The prettiest picture earth furnishes is a whole family on the way to heaven; the most horrible picture is a whole family on the way to hell. I believe in the truth of the proverb of this Book: “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” A child properly trained up to the proper point will not go astray. The normal way to get rid of drunkards is to quit raising them; the normal way to get rid of liars, thieves and debauchees is to quit raising them. Every man steps from the home door into the social, moral and the civil world. What he is upon the home step he will be in the field of life. When Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Talmage were talking over the great international questions, Mr. Gladstone flashed his intelligent eye upon the great preacher and said: “There is but one question. Settle that right, and you settle all others. That question is Christianity.” I stand in my place to-night to say that if you settle Christianity right in the home it settles all questions everywhere. National life never rises above the home life and never sinks below it.

When the Lacedæmonian desired Lycurgus to establish a democracy in the State, he replied: "Go you, friend, and make the experiment first in your own house." Napoleon, being asked "What is the greatest want of the French people?" said: "Mothers." Church life cannot rise higher than home life. I have no faith in the woman that talks of heaven at Church, and makes a hell of her home. If I were investigating a woman's piety, I would rather take the evidence of the cook than of the preacher. The talk of a clean heart at the Church is discounted when no soap is used at home. The talk of a perfect Christian life is discounted by the absence of buttons and big patches on the clothes of unkempt children at home. Some men talk in the Church like angels and talk to their families like demons. Church religion never goes above home religion. You cannot shout higher than you live. Home is the head fountain. When water rises up above its fountain it has to be forced with an air pump. When I hear people talking at Church higher than they live at home, I know the talk is pumped up. People who do not quarrel at home rarely quarrel with their neighbors. As we live in the home world, so we live in all worlds, whatever our professions are.

Henry Grady, the brilliant Georgia orator, so short-lived, to the regret of this great republic, tells us where he found the home of his country. As he stood in Washington and looked upon the capitol for the first time tears came to his eyes, and he said to himself: "Here is the home of my nation. That building is the official home of the greatest nation God's eye ever saw." A few weeks later, after spending the night in an old-fashioned country home, where the noble Christian father read from the old-fashioned Bible and knelt with his children around the family altar; and after having associated for a day and night with the manly Christian man and the noble Christian woman in this old-fashioned Christian home, he said: "I was mistaken in Washington; that pile of marble, magnificent as it is, is not the home of my country, but here in these country homes are reared the men and women of my country." These homes give us our men and women. Brick and marble do not make a country; men and women make a country. When God himself would start a nation He made the home life the deciding question, and selected Abraham as the foundation on the ground set forth in my text. Because God knew him, that he would command his children and

his household after him, and that God would therefore be able "to bring upon Abraham that which he had spoken of him."

God's ideal nation starts with the home, with the father of the home "walking in the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment," and his children and his household following after him.

The two central ideas of the home life expressed in this text are the fundamental ideas of

A SUCCESSFUL HOME AND NATIONAL LIFE.

Home *authority* and home *example* is expressed in the words, "He will *command* his children and his household *after* him." The ten years I spent as a school-teacher, where from the log school-house in the mountains to the boarding college of the towns, I met every class and condition of children—where, as the old gladiator said, "I met upon the arena every shape of man or beast"—I learned the great truth of this text, that home authority and home example settle the great questions of life and character. The years spent as a Methodist preacher, visiting from house to house, and the years spent in traveling over this great country of ours, have only furnished illustrations on every hand in proof of the

fact that neither the law nor the gospel can make a Christian nation without the help of home authority and home example. Anarchy is not born in the Haymarket of Chicago; outlawism is not born in street mobs. The question of obedience to law is settled in childhood. The child who does not obey his father and mother will obey neither social, civil, nor divine laws. When God said, "Children, obey your parents," He told the world where obedience originates.

THE MOST DANGEROUS SIGN OF THE TIMES

is the neglect of home life and the growing disrespect of children for parents. Themistocles once said: "My little child rules all Greece." When asked what he meant, he replied: "The little child rules its mother, the mother rules me, I rule Athens, and Athens rules all Greece." That old Grecian family has many representatives in this country.

A little six-year-old boy can scream and stamp and boss a household, postpone a trip, change a programme, and bring father and mother to his terms. I was in a home sometime ago where a father asked a little six-year-old child to shut the door. She replied: "I won't do it." He said: "Poor papa will have to shut it himself." She replied: "I don't care;

I won't." And I saw poor papa get up and shut the door. Having been an old school-teacher, I wanted to borrow that child for about fifteen minutes; but upon mature reflection I decided that her father was the fellow that needed lending. No man can bring a greater curse upon law and order and a good civilization than to turn such creatures out into the world. Uncontrolled at six, and outlaws at twenty. A lady once heard me tell this incident. Her little boy was present. She asked him on their return home if he had heard the incident. He replied: "Yes, mamma." She asked him what the little girl needed, supposing that he would answer, "A whipping;" but the little philosopher replied, "She needed a daddy." The need of the world to-day, in the vernacular of that child, is some first-class daddies and mammies. Many of our boys are like the fellow who came down the river to Knoxville on a log raft with his father, and when asked where he was "brought up," replied: "I wa'n't brought up at all. I just come down on the raft with dad." Many boys have never been properly brought up; they just drifted along with a careless father.

The learning of the academy, the college, the university, may fade from the mind, but the simple

lessons of home defy years, and live on. The words of a mother make deeper impressions than any other words that touch our plastic childhood. The mother of Walter Scott was well educated and a great lover of poetry and painting. The mother of Byron was proud and ill-tempered and violent. The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte was full of ambition and energy. The mother of Lord Bacon was a woman of superior mind and deep piety. The mother of Nero was a murderess. The mother of Washington was a pure and good woman. The mother of Patrick Henry was eloquent in speech. The mother of John and Charles Wesley was intelligent and pious and full of executive ability. The mother of Doddridge taught him Scripture history from the Dutch tiles on the fireplace, on which there were pictures of subjects taken from the Bible.

When the devil robs a boy the last thing he takes are the early impressions made by his father and mother.

I talked with a trainer of the finest lot of educated dogs that ever went through this country. I asked him to give me two or three rules for training dogs. He replied: "First, I get the dog when he is a pup. I get full control of the pup, and then everything is

easy. I have him to do over and over the part he is to perform in public until it becomes a habit." As I walked away I said: "God gives us our children when they are little. He has made them to look like us, talk like us, and to imitate us naturally in all we do and say." What an opportunity! And if we were only as wise as the dog trainer, and would get complete control of the child, and have him to perform over and over the part he is to play upon the stage of human life, we should find the truth of the proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

PRAYER AND HICKORY.

A lady who had raised seven noble Christian sons, with not a black sheep in the fold, was asked by an old friend of mine how she did it. She replied: "I did it with prayer and hickory." Two better instruments were never used. I do not mean to encourage the brutal punishment of children, but when solid piety and wholesome authority go hand in hand obedient and pious children follow. Example and authority go together. God knew that Abraham would *command* his children *after* him.

After delivering this sermon in the State of Vir-

ginia on one occasion, a gentleman came to me, gripped my hand, and said, with tears in his eyes: "Don't fail, wherever you go, to impress upon the people that old woman's prayer-and-hickory method." He said: "I was the indulgent father of an only son. I was sitting by my fire one night after my boy had been sent home for insubordination to college authority for the second time. Wife said: 'Why don't you come to bed?' I replied: 'I cannot sleep.' 'Why?' said she. I said: 'I am thinking about our boy.' She replied: 'It is your fault; you have never controlled him, and how could you expect others to do so?' The words were like a dagger in my heart, but I knew they were true. I sunk down on my knees by the chair and said: 'O God, if you will forgive the past, I will control that boy in the future.' I slept but little that night. The next morning, after breakfast, I said to the boy: 'Come and go with me.' He was fifteen years of age. We walked out into a woodland near the house. I cut a good switch and rehearsed to the boy his course of disobedience, and explained to him my own mistakes, and told him that I had brought him out there to correct him for his disobedience. I told him to take off his coat. He replied: 'I won't do it.' I looked him in the face

and said: 'My boy, I am your father; you are my son. I promised God Almighty last night on my knees that I would control you, and I will whip you here this morning, or you or I will die in this woodland. Take off your coat, sir!' He saw in my eye for the first time in his life the spirit of authority. He drew his coat in a moment, and I gave him a whipping, at the conclusion of which I said, 'Now kneel down with me;' and we knelt there together, and I told God of my own neglect and of my boy's wayward conduct, and promised God in the hearing of my boy to be faithful to my duty the remainder of my life, and prayed God's blessing on my wayward child. When we arose from our knees he put his arm around my neck and his head on my bosom. We wept together for a long time. Then he looked up and said: 'Father, I will never give you any more trouble.' And from that day to this I have never had a care about him; he has been the most obedient son a father ever had. He is married now, is a steward in the Methodist Church, and no truer, nobler Christian man walks the earth than my precious son."

How many a wayward boy all over this country might be saved by the proper combination of whole-

some authority and a Godly example! Our children are turned out on the streets of the cities, and God only knows where they go and what they do. The boys and girls in this country are like Tennessee oats in dry weather—they “head” too soon. Girls are women at thirteen, and boys are men at fifteen.

OUR MOTHERS.

Passing down the streets of Chattanooga, I saw an old cow trotting along at the rear of a wagon. She was not tied, but everywhere the wagon went the nose of the old cow was close to the hind gate. She paid no attention to carriage or wagon or street car. She followed the wagon, and I could not understand it. I waited until the wagon approached me, and ascertained the secret. A little calf was in a box up in that wagon. She was determined to see what became of her calf. I pointed it out to a friend, and then called his attention to three little boys standing in the door of a saloon across the street, and said: “I do not know where the mother of those boys is, but that old cow is a more faithful mother than the mother of those three boys. The old cow is determined to know where her calf goes, but the mother of those boys doesn’t care where they go.” I never

see a hen gather her little ones under her wings as a hawk flies over the yard but I wish while our moral atmosphere is literally full of the hawks of hell that our mothers and fathers would keep their children close under the parental wing, and shield them from temptations of the evil one.

Mrs. Wesley, who gave to the world such a noble family, the lives of whom will bless the world for generations to come, heeded the command of God in the rearing of her nineteen children. Her first step, she says, was to get complete control of the child. How this is done I cannot tell you. I wish I could give an unerring rule, but the rule differs with the disposition of the child. One thing is true: authority is necessary. Take the child and the problem to God, but as you love your child and fear your God, secure its obedience to your authority.

A poor young man who stood before the judge to be sentenced to death, when the judge asked him if he had anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon him, bowed his head and said: "O, if I'd had a mother." Many a boy who has gone into a life of reckless folly, without the restraints of home, can stand up in his debauch to-night, and say, "O, if I'd had a mother! O, if I'd

had a mother!" Some boys can say like the tramp, when asked how long he had been an orphan, said: "I was born an orphan." I am profoundly thankful above all things for the fact that I have a good mother—a mother who, when she said "George, you shall not," I did not. If I did, then she did. I owe all that I am, morally and religiously, to the authority of a good mother. I also owe my life to that authority. I give this little history, which is sacred to me. A few years ago I and three other young men planned a trip to Europe. We had read and talked and planned for months. A few months before we were ready to start I mentioned the trip to my mother, who, since my father's death, has made her home with me—and it has been my sweetest pleasure to give her the sunniest and best room in my home. When I mentioned the trip she said: "George, I am getting old; you are my only stay; I am afraid of the ocean; I cannot let you go while I live. Wait till I am gone, and then you can go to Europe." I thought it was a mere kind of sentiment with mother, and that I would get all things ready for the trip, and that in the kindness of her heart she would yield her consent. I had made arrangements, temporarily, as some of you possibly have done permanently, to

have my father-in-law take care of my wife and children, and all things were ready for the trip. A short while before we were ready to start I stated in the presence of my mother: "Well, we are off soon for Europe." She looked up and said: "What is that, George?" I said: "We have everything ready, the trip is all organized, and we start for Europe soon." Straightening up in her chair, she looked me straight in the face and said: "George, I told you once I did not want you to go. I have thought over this trip and prayed over it, and I cannot give my consent for you to go; and now I tell you so that you will understand it: You shall not go." I said: "Mother, do not put it that way." I tried to argue the question, saying: "It is one of the sweetest hopes of my life that you are crushing." She said: "George, I have prayed over it; my mind is made up. We will not discuss it; you shall not go, and that settles it." And when she said that I knew it did settle it, and I surrendered what to me was one of the most pleasant hopes of my life. I hunted up my companions, and said: "I'm not in it." They excitedly exclaimed: "What's the matter?" I said: "Mother won't let me go." They said: "Are you not twenty-one, married and got chil-

dren, and yet tied to your mother's apron strings?" I said: "I would not cross the old Atlantic against my mother's wishes for a million dollars."

A few days later I got a letter from Brother Jones, asking me to accompany him on a trip to Canada. The following week we were plowing across Lake Ontario. It was a bright day. Brother Jones, wife, and I were sitting on the deck of the vessel, and as she plowed the blue waters I said: "This is glorious; how I wish it were on the Atlantic, and I were headed for Europe. I shall always feel that mother was a little harsh in breaking up my European trip." Brother Jones said, "Well, old boy, the whales might have gotten you in the Atlantic;" and we dropped the subject. On our return we were going into the supper table at Buffalo, N. Y. Brother Jones bought the *New York World*. Just as we reached the dining-room door he said: "George, there has been a terrible railroad wreck at Thaxton, Va. My! what a list of the killed!" Looking at the list, I saw "Cleveland, Tenn." I snatched the paper from his hand and read, while my blood ran cold: "John M. Hardwick, Cleveland, Tenn., killed and burned; William Marshall, Cleveland, Tenn., killed and burned;

Willie Steed, Cleveland, Tenn., killed and burned." I threw up my hands and said: "Oh, Sam, the next name would have been 'George R. Stuart, Cleveland, Tenn., killed and burned,' but for the authority of my precious mother!" I ran out to a bulletin board, found when the first train toward home was due. We turned from our journey and came immediately home. I found my little town gathered about the streets, and sadness resting like a cloud upon the whole town. As I walked up the street the mother of one of the boys, in whose home I had boarded in other days (she was almost as a mother to me), ran out on the streets and said: "O George, if I only had the body of my precious boy!" When I reached the gate I saw my mother come running; she threw her arms around me and said: "Thank God! my boy is safe." And I said: "Mother, I never missed it when I took your advice. I am sure I shall take it from this to the grave." I found I had never learned what God meant when He said: "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Home authority has saved life and it has saved character and saved thousands of souls; for the lack of it the world

is going to rot. But home authority is worth little without

HOME EXAMPLE.

It is the nature of the child to follow. Did you ever start across the room, mother, and hear a thud on the floor, and look around to find that little Mary had caught your dress and attempted to follow you, and you had jerked her sprawling on the floor? Father, did you never, on reaching the gate on your departure from home, find little John at your heels, and as you closed the gate before him he looked up piteously and cried: "Papa, let me go wid 'oo." The children go with us—they follow us. How beautiful the sight to see father and mother walking in the ways of righteousness, followed by the large household of God! How horrible the sight to see the wicked father and mother start off to hell, and every little child following! How horrible to see them lead one at a time into that awful abyss, and there each recognize the other, and the parents realize that they led them there! Stop, my brother! Stop, my sister! do not go farther in that direction with those precious little ones following you. They look into your faces and ask the way. They see your tracks and follow.

Sometime ago I heard a roar of laughter in the hall of my own home. I walked out of my study, and found the household laughing immoderately at my little boy, who was coming down the stairs dressed in a full suit of my clothing. He had tied a string around the buttons of my pants, and pulled the waistband close up under his arms, and rolled the pants up at the bottom. The vest reached to his knees, the long coat dragged the floor, the big hat almost hid his head, and his feet were lost in my number nine shoes. How comical, how funny it seemed to the family! but as I looked upon it I saw the serious side, and said: "Wife, that is not a laughable picture to me. It has in it a lesson as touching as the great realities of life. That sight teaches me that the little boy wants to be like his father—wants to wear his father's shoes and walk as his father; dress in his father's clothes and be as his father. God help me go right!" I sent that boy, by the servant, to the gallery that morning and had his picture taken. That little picture is kept in my writing desk drawer, and every time I open that drawer that little picture talks to me, and says: "Look out, papa; I'm following you." Every father who hears my voice to-night should not forget that there are scenes in your homes that talk

to you every day and cry out to you as piteously as life and death: "Look out, papa; look out, mamma; I'm coming after you." Don't go wrong; don't lead little feet astray.

A father coming into his home sometime ago heard his little boy and little girl quarreling as if they were going to fight. He said: "Why, children, why are you quarreling so with each other?" The little boy smilingly replied: "Why, papa, we are not quarreling in earnest; we are just playing papa and mamma." Those little fellows had heard something. If we watch our little fellows, we will see them playing papa and mamma in more ways than one.

A Baptist minister told me of a little boy whom he had found in his rounds of pastoral visiting with his hair clipped close from the top of his head, presenting a most comical picture, which called for the following explanation by his mother: "This little fellow got hold of my scissors yesterday, and the first thing I knew he had clipped the hair off the top of his head, and when I asked him why he did it he .. replied with an air of victory: 'Make my head like papa's head.' " His father was a bald-headed man. How often we find a boy's head like his father's head. Look out, skeptic.

In one of Tennessee's cities a special friend of mine walked down to the Tennessee river with two bright, promising boys. He said: "Boys, we will try a swim together." And with his boys at his side they swam together out toward the current of the river. Away out in the current the father called a halt and advised a return, but as they turned to go back to the shore the waters proved too swift, the distance too great, and the two boys sunk by his side. He swam to the shore, piteously crying: "My boys are gone." He said: "The mistake I made was, I swam out too far with the boys." I am talking to men who are swimming out into the current of social life and amusements and dissipation with their bright boys at their side. Some of these days they will call a halt and start back to the shores of sobriety and piety; but the boys will be carried off with the current, and they will walk the shores of life sad and lonely, breathing from their broken hearts the saddest of all sentences: "My boys are gone! my boys are gone!" Stop, my brother; stop. Come back to God to-night. Bring those bright boys with you. Don't go farther into the current of worldliness.

An old local preacher in our Conference lived a life of simple piety and unquestionable honesty be-

fore a family of boys and girls. His sons have been honorable. One of them, who has been to the United States Congress, gave this little incident to my presiding elder. He said: "I have never doubted my father's piety. He has lived without reproach, a Christian life in his own home. But in spite of all teachings and example with which I have been so wonderfully blessed, little doubts would still enter my mind. When my father came to his death bed I said to myself: 'Now is the time for me to settle some questions.' I walked up to the bedside of my dying father and said: 'Father, I know two things, you can tell me another; and these things will settle the problems of life.' My father said: 'What are they, my son?' I replied: 'I know that you have been an honest man—you never told a story in your life. Secondly, I know you have practiced the teachings of the Christian religion as perfectly as man has ever followed his Christ. Now the question you can tell me is this: Is this religion all you hoped it would be in the hour of death? Has it in life and death proved a reality to you?' My father looked up, a smile played over his face, a tear of triumph filled his eye, and he replied: 'My son, I know whom I have trusted, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which

I have committed to Him against that day. Thank God, Christianity was all that I could ask for in life, and more than I hoped it could be in the hour of death. I have lived a happy life and die a triumphant death. Thank God there is a reality in the religion of Christ.'” The son said: “I walked away from the bedside of my dying father, and, so help me God, from that day to this not a shadow of doubt has ever found place in my mind. When I went to the United States Congress, among the first packages of my mail was a package containing the works of Colonel Ingersoll, with his compliments to me. I opened the package. The very sight of those books brought up the smiling face and triumphant words of my dying father. I carried the books and dropped them into the grate and saw them burn to ashes. I washed my hands with soap and dried them on the towel, and that is as near as I have come to going back on the faith and life of my precious father.” This bit of history teaches us the power of Godly example. Thank God for Christian parents whose lives are great beacon lights along the shore to guide us from the dangerous rocks into a haven of rest!

While Sam Jones and I were preaching in Nashville I told this little incident. At the conclusion

of my sermon a Methodist preacher came up and laid his hand upon my shoulder and said: "Brother Stuart, how your sermon to-day carried me back to my home. My father was a local preacher, and the best man I ever saw. He is gone to heaven now. We have a large family; mother is still at home, and I should like to see all the children together once more and have you come and dedicate our home to God, while we all rededicate ourselves to God before precious old mother leaves us. If you will come with me, I will gather all the family together next Friday for that purpose." I consented to go. The old home was a short distance from the city of Nashville. There were a large number of brothers and sisters. One was a farmer; one was a doctor; one was a real-estate man; one was a bookkeeper; one was a preacher; and so on, so that they represented many professions of life. The preacher brother drove me out to the old home, where had gathered all the children. As we drove up to the gate I saw the brothers standing in little groups about in the yard, whittling and talking. Did you never stand in the yard of the old home after an absence of many years, and entertain memories brought up by every beaten path and tree and gate, and building about the old place. I

was introduced to these noble-looking men who, as the preacher brother told me, were all members of Churches, living consistent Christian lives, save the younger boy, who had wandered away a little, and the real object of this was to bring him back to God.

The old mother was indescribably happy. There was a smile lingering in the wrinkles of her dear old face. We all gathered in the large old-fashioned family room in the old-fashioned semicircle, with mother in her natural place in the corner. The preacher brother laid the large family Bible in my lap and said: "Now, Brother Stuart, you are in the home of a Methodist preacher; do what you think best."

I replied: "As I sit to-day in the family of a Methodist preacher, let us begin our service by an old-fashioned experience meeting. I want each child, in the order of your ages, to tell your experience."

The oldest arose and pointed his finger at the oil portrait of his father, hanging on the wall, and said in substance about as follows: "Brother Stuart, there is the picture of the best father God ever gave a family. Many a time he has taken me to his secret place of prayer, put his hand on my head, and prayed for his boy. And at every turn of my life, since he has

left me, I have felt the pressure of his hand on my head, and have seen the tears upon his face, and have heard the prayers from his trembling lips. I have not been as good a man since his death as I ought to have been, but I stand up here to-day to tell you and my brothers and sisters and my dear old mother that I am going to live a better life from this hour until I die. I will start my family altar again, and come back to father's life."

Overcome with emotion, he took his seat, and the children in order spoke on the same line. Each one referred to the place of secret prayer and the father's hand upon the head. At last we came to the youngest boy, who, with his face buried in his hands, was sobbing, and refused to speak. The preacher brother very pathetically said: "Buddy, say a word; there is no one here but the family, and it will help you."

He arose, holding to the back of his chair, and looked upon me and said: "Brother Stuart, they tell me that you have come to dedicate this home to God; but my dear old mother there has never let it get half an inch from God. They tell you that this meeting is called that my brothers and sisters may re-dedicate their lives to God, but they are good. I know them. I am the only black sheep in this flock.

Every step I have wandered away from God and the life of my precious father, I have felt his hand upon my head and heard his blessed words of prayer. To-day I come back to God, back to my father's life, and so help me God, I will never wander away again."

Following his talk came a burst of sobbing and shouting, and I started that old hymn, "Amazing grace (how sweet the sound!) that saved a wretch like me!" etc., and we had an old-fashioned Methodist class-meeting, winding up with a shout. As I walked away from that old homestead I said in my heart: "It is the salt of a good life that saves the children." A boy never gets over the fact that he had a good father.

Fathers and mothers, hear me to-night. Little children are looking up into your faces, asking which way to go. They are following your footsteps. Do not lead them wrong. God help you, stop to-night. Gather your little ones into your arms, and turn your back on sin and your face toward God. While we sing, come and kneel at this altar and give your hearts to God, that you and your children may be saved.

SERMON ON "STRONG WOMANHOOD."

The Toledo *Evening News* comments on it as follows:

"Before an audience that completely filled the Armory yesterday afternoon Rev. George Stuart, the co-laborer of Sam Jones, preached one of the mightiest and yet tenderest sermons that Toledo has ever heard. He talked on the power of a virtuous woman and the words he spoke can never be forgotten. He pictured the tremendous power a virtuous woman exerts, but there was also the picture of the fallen woman which was a masterly stroke of eloquence. It is doubtful if Sam Jones himself could have held the audience better than did George Stuart."

The *Commercial* spoke of it as follows:

"Rev. George R. Stuart, the co-laborer of Sam Jones, in the afternoon meeting at the Armory yesterday preached one of the most remarkable sermons ever delivered in the city. Taking for his text the words of Solomon on the virtues of women, he told with great force the high honor in which she has been

held from the very beginning of the world until the present day.”

THE SERMON.

Text, Proverbs xxxi: 10, “Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies.”

The author of my text has much to say about woman. No one has a better right to speak about woman than Solomon. The average man learns much from one wife, but Solomon had 700. “He had wives of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians and Hittites.” (I Kings xi: 1.) The text puts a very high valuation upon the virtuous woman. The word “virtue” has a history. It has changed its meaning several times in its history. In one age of the world the word stood for courage. That was a virtuous character who took the sword and stood in the first line of battle. It is used in this sense by St. Peter when he says, “Add to your faith, virtue.” In another age of the world it meant honesty. That was

A VIRTUOUS CHARACTER

who was upright, downright honest. In this age of the world it means purity or chastity. In every age of the world the word “virtue” has stood for the high-

est element of character, it has stood for the element of greatest strength. My text could properly be read, "who can find a strong woman? For her price is far above rubies." The ruby is one of the most precious of all gems, one of the most precious things of its size upon earth. At the time of the text, regarded by some even more precious than the diamond itself. Here then is my text, "Who can find a strong woman? For when you have found her, you have found the best thing of her size upon the earth." A good woman is the best thing this side of heaven; a bad woman is the worst thing this side of the pit. A woman touches the limit both ways; she rises higher, and falls lower, than man. The most degraded human being on earth to-day is woman; the purest character on earth to-day is woman. Woman blesses or curses everything she touches.

INCIPIENT ROME

rotted for want of women; imperial Rome rotted on account of her fast women. The stage and the ball-room never cursed the world till woman cursed them.

A town never falls below its worst woman; never rises higher than its best woman. The homes of your town are on a level with your women, and your

town is on a level with your homes. Nothing can hurt woman like sin, and nothing can destroy sin like woman. Christ and woman can save the world; the devil and woman can damn it. The devil attacked the world first through woman; the Redeemer of the world came as the seed of the woman. Woman seems to be the battle ground for all good and evil forces. The women of our country will settle the destiny of our country morally and religiously. No wonder it is said "that the price of a strong woman is beyond the value of rubies."

THE AUTHOR OF MY TEXT

gives us a life-size portrait of this strong woman. It is an old-fashioned picture; a picture that will call up to many a noble boy the woman at home, he called her mother; a picture that recalls to many a man the woman he delights to call his wife. It is not a picture of the gay, thoughtless, fashionable society belle, sacrificing home, husband and children and all the blessings of home to the endless round of giddy social pleasures; but this picture is a picture of the strong woman. Look at it a moment. The first verse following my text is this: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need

of spoil." It is a sad day in any home when the husband cannot trust every look, every word, every act of his wife. The loss of confidence at this point means the wreck of home, wreck of character, wreck of life. What a coloring those four words ("safely trust in her") give to this picture. But the brush of the painter touches the canvas again: "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." She will go with him to good places; surround him with good circumstances; all of her words and deeds will minister good. She stands strong against the appeals from worldly amusement, from foolish extravagances.

SHE STANDS FOR THE RIGHT

and against the wrong; "to do him good and not evil." Again the brush touches the canvas. "She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens." She is an early riser, a home organizer, a home systematizer. By the time the sun has made the morning gray with his light, she has given meat to her household and a portion to her maidens. Breakfast is over and every maid about the household is busy with her portion. Such a woman in the home gives system and order,

promptness and dispatch, not only to all work of the house, but it becomes a part of her

CHARACTER IN THE HOME.

It does not stop with a systematic household, but the system of such a home goes out to the shop, and to the office, and to the world. The brush touches the canvas again. "She considereth a field and buyeth it, and with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard." A wonderful figure of common sense. Many a home has been wrecked in fortune by an indiscreet and extravagant woman. Again the brush touches the canvas. "She perceiveth that her merchandise is good. Her candle goeth not out by night." A graphic figure of honesty and sincerity. How insincere, how full of shame, how full of deception, is the female character to-day. There sits a woman with the appearance of luxuriant hair falling in flowing bangs about her forehead, but I do not know whether it is confined to her head by nature, or pinned on by hair-pins. Over there sits a lady with beautiful rosy cheeks, but I don't know whether they came from a ruddy blood careering through her healthful system, or whether she got it out of a little box on the bu-

reau. There sits a lady with a set of beautiful ivory-looking

TEETH, SNOWY WHITE,

through her ruby lips. I don't know whether they rest in her gums or on her gums. A woman's hair, teeth, lips and cheeks are not more treacherous than her tongue. O, the insincerity of society's tongue. The insincere praise and flattery and condemnation. An honest woman—a sincere woman. It is safe to invest in her merchandise. It is safe to buy a candle from her. The brush touches the canvas again. "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold a distaff." A beautiful figure of plain industry. The old proverb says that the "Idle brain is the devil's workshop." His tools are "idle hands" and "idle feet." I believe it is a crime to be idle, however rich you may be. An idle woman will get into mischief. The curse of our age is the fact that our wealth and competency are rearing our girls in idleness and laziness. Industry is God's great preserving force, is God's great conserving force. It brings health to body and mind and soul.

INDUSTRIOUS WOMAN.

But the brush touches the canvas again. "She stretchest out her hands to the poor. She reaches

forth her hands to the needy." She is a charitable woman. God put a gentle hand on a woman's wrist. No hand can give loving ministries in the sick-room like a woman's hand. No tread like to the soft tread of a woman in the sick-room. No voice so low and soft and sweet as a woman's. What an angel of mercy is a good woman in a sick-room! When the world is so full of sorrow, so full of sickness and distress, what a pity that woman's voice and strength and energies should be wasted in foolish, frivolous, giddy pleasures. O woman, stretch out your hand to the poor and reach forth your hand to the needy. Again the brush touches the canvas. "She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all of her household are clothed with scarlet." Nowhere can a mother's character be seen more beautifully than in the

CLOTHING OF HER CHILDREN.

I have looked so often upon the children of the home and read of a mother's love and a mother's care in every little garment. I have gone into other homes and read in the hieroglyphics of the unkempt hair, the unbuttoned sleeve, ripped coat and the torn dress, the sad language: "Mother is not here."

I dropped in to see a sick family some years ago, and a little unwashed, unkempt lad stepped into the room. The old gentleman said: "Excuse this little boy; his mother is dead and his grandmother sick, and I am a poor hand to care for children. His explanation was unnecessary. I read in the little unbuttoned sleeve, waist detached from the pants, the unfastened collar and the dangling shoestrings, the saddest language ever revealed in the person of a little child, "Mother is not here." How I love to see

A MOTHERLY MOTHER.

But the brush touches the canvas again. "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple." At the time my text was written, silk and purple were the most substantial articles of clothing, corresponding to our flannels and linsey of this day and time. She was substantially dressed. She was neatly dressed. Many a woman has won her husband's love in her brightest gown and lost it in the shabby dress. It is hard to love through filth. But the brush touches the canvas again. "Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land." Not only strong and substantially dressed herself, not only with her children

strong and substantially dressed, about her, but her husband is known wherever he is seen. There is projectile force enough in this character to place her husband among the elders of the land. God only knows how many men have been elevated by their wives; God only knows how many have been dragged down. But the most important touch of the brush is now to be made. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom. In her tongue is

THE LAW OF KINDNESS."

The mouth of a woman is an important feature. So much has been said of a woman's mouth that I touch the subject with a degree of hesitation. I handle a woman's mouth like I handle a loaded pistol. You never know when it is going off. But here is a mouth that I like. This mouth works on a main-spring called wisdom. And it never moves 'til wisdom moves it. "And in the tongue is the law of kindness." I have known many kind tongues; many women who said kind things sometimes; at other times could say very bitter things. Sometimes speak softly, sometimes speak harshly. Sometimes praise; sometimes criticise. Sometimes win you by gentle words; sometimes skin you with harsh ones. But in

this tongue there is a law. The law is not on the tongue, nor around the tongue, but the law is in it, and every time this tongue moves it moves to the law, and that law is kindness. Unkindness has no control over this tongue. It has but one law, and that law is the law of kindness, and every word is a kind word. I love a kind tongue, kind to her husband, kind to the children, kind to her friends, and kind to her enemies. The law of kindness. Again the brush

TOUCHES THE CANVAS.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household; and eateth not the bread of idleness." She industriously looks after her children. She knows where her children go, how long they stay, and what they do. It was not her girl you saw out on the street with that dude after midnight, the other night, returning from the opera. It was not her girl that you saw taking the moonlight buggy ride with that young man. It was not her girl that you saw encircled in the arms of that lecherous youth, whirling on the ball-room floor. It was not her boy you saw on the streets at night. It was not her boy you saw in the club-room at the card table. The curse of our land to-day is that our mothers do not look to the ways of

their children. The picture is done. The next verses are the comments on the picture. "Her children rise up and call her blessed. Her husband also and he praiseth her." "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Ah, how could a boy refrain from praising a mother like that? How could a husband keep from praising a wife like that? I am sometimes criticised for my frequent reference to my mother and my wife, but he who has such a mother and such a wife as I cannot keep from speaking of them. "Her children rise up and call her blessed. Her husband also and

HE PRAISETH HER."

What a wonderful picture this. It is the very picture of the strong woman. It is the picture of the woman who is a blessing to her home, a blessing to her children, a blessing to her husband and a blessing to the world. A picture of a strong woman. The author of this picture gives in the next verse of three lines a picture of the fashionable, worldly woman. Look at the picture a moment. Here it is: "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain. But the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise

her in the gates." Two lines finish the picture of the worldly woman.

"GRACE AND BEAUTY,

her stock in trade." Her every thought circles and centers around her grace and beauty. The great painter makes this picture with one stroke of the brush, then turned back and took another woman in the world's, "But the woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised."

Let us go back to this picture of the strong woman. No one ever took one look at a beautiful woman that did not desire to take a second. No one ever came into contact with a beautiful character that did not (want) long in his heart to see that character again. We turn to a beautiful woman in the highest sense; beautiful in character, beautiful in soul, beautiful in life, beautiful in the home, strong in her body. Amid the pale faces, shrunk cheeks and fragile forms that surround us on every side, it is a tonic to look at an absolutely healthy woman. Some time ago I said to a doctor: "Where are our healthy women; where are

THE ROUND, PLUMP FACES,

where are the roses on the cheeks; where are the dimpled cheeks, dimpled hands; where are the healthy

women?" He replied: "Stuart, Madame Fashion has ruined the lives and health of our women. She has stolen the rose from her cheek, the dimple from her chin, the sparkle from her eye, the plumpness from her figure. Our women have sacrificed the brightest and best things of womanhood to the frivolities of fashion."

I speak this hour to an audience of 4,000 women. Possibly there are scarcely 200 absolutely healthy women among them all. These infirmities run back through three or four generations and many run back to the frivolities of fashion and society. I pray God that the day may soon come when the sensible womanhood of this country will rise up and put down all these forms of dress that are not conducive to health and modesty. Strong in her life. Another look at the picture brings out another wonderfully attractive feature: Strong in her dress. I have not time to deal with the fashion-plates of the day. The truth is, I do not care so much how a woman dresses provided she dresses with an eye single to

HEALTH AND MODESTY.

I do not care how big you may make your sleeves.
I do not care so much how you make your collars,

just so you have collars. I like to see women dressed up—all the way up. It is queer that woman, upon whom modesty's blush has its natural home, should become the leader of immodesty. Women are more immodest than men. Did you ever stop five minutes and go to the bottom of the thought in which the décolleté was born? Did it ever occur to you that she who wears a décolleté is lacking in genuine modesty? I stopped in a city some time ago and met in the hotel parlors a lady who had been reared in my neighborhood and in modest circumstances, but had married rich and moved to the city. She was soon lost in the giddy rounds of social life. Her grown daughter had been turned over to society with all that that means. After expressing her surprise at meeting me in the city she asked me to wait for a few moments and see her daughter.

Soon the elevator stopped, and an airy-fairy-like creature stepped off. I was introduced to her. She made her little conventional society bow, and in a very artistical way stretched out her little

KID GLOVED HAND,

but I was almost afraid to shake hands with her for fear that I would break her. The mother stood half

between a grin and a smile, looking upon her fairy little creature, fit for nothing in the world but to be slung around the ball-room by some dude, impatiently waiting for my comments, which I did not make. At last she asked her daughter to remove a little silk shawl thrown around her shoulder and show me her beautiful ball-room dress. When she removed her shawl I was very much embarrassed, for I thought she had made a mistake and taken off more than she intended to. But I soon saw from the complacent smile of the mother and the native brass of the girl that what they were pleased to call her beautiful ball-room dress consisted mostly of skirts. I speak candid when I say, that raised as I have been raised, it seemed to me that the proper thing for any modest man to do was to turn his back upon that scene and walk off from it. She was not rigged up for the eye of modesty. I don't blame sweet girls. There is not a sixteen-year-old girl in the land that has sense enough to take care of herself, and that is why God gave her a mother, but I do blame these mothers who thus expose their pure, sweet girls to the immoral gaze of the

AVERAGE YOUNG MAN

of this country. As I walk through the streets of

your city and look upon the bill-board advertisements of your theaters and operas, as I stop to look at the costumes of the women and ask the honest question, "Why was that woman put in that picture just in that position and with that costume?" (and the inevitable answer must come to every candid honest man and woman) "the motive was bad." It is a bid for the worst thoughts, and its influence is not for the best. When I see on advertisements of tobacco and almost every other commodity of trade, the nude forms of women, my cheeks burn and my heart aches. But in answer to my criticism comes back the fact that no woman was ever pictured in a garb that she did not wear; and after all, the women of the land are responsible for this fearful shocking nudity of the female form flooding our towns, our theaters, our operas and our social gatherings. Has woman lost her modesty? Are we utterly given over to immodesty? I pray you good women, to whom God Almighty has intrusted the rearing of sweet girls, call a halt to this infernal immodesty of dress. Lend not your girls to this school of lust. Give not the arms and neck and shoulders of your sweet girls to feed the passions of the voluptuous vultures that at-

tend all these gatherings chiefly to feed upon the weaknesses and follies of our women.

I WARN YOU, YOUNG WOMEN,

study your costume a little. Ask why Madam Fashion would array you thus, and then in the strength of your pure modest womanhood, dare to have the courage to draw the line on old Madam Fashion where modesty stops and immodesty begins. A strong woman means a woman who makes some demands upon the opposite sex. A man has drawn a line for women—he has made demands upon her character, and whenever a woman crosses the line that man has drawn for her, or falls below the standard man has erected for her, she is picked up on the cold iron shovel of ostracism and thrown out into the cold, heartless world, the devil puts his foot on her and she never rises. Oh, the fruitless efforts of the good people of this country to lift up fallen women! Oh, the rigidness with which she is held to the demands that man makes for her purity and her uprightness; but the women of this country make no demands upon the men. A young man, provided he has a hundred thousand dollars back of him, can wallow in the slums, debauch himself in the saloon,

go to the unnamable haunts of sin, until every element of his character is reeking in immorality, yet dressed in his elegant costume, with the breath of the richest perfume about his clothing, and he is received like a prince into the best homes of this country, and is considered an honored escort for our brightest and purest young women. I say, down with such a custom. God grant that the day may speedily come when our girls will think as much of themselves as the boys think of themselves, when a girl will stand at her parlor door and demand of the young man who enters that as her company he shall be as clean in his life as the young man demands she shall be.

IN ONE OF OUR

Tennessee homes there lived a bright, cultured young woman, who put a womanly premium upon her own life and her own society. A brilliant young lawyer was paying court at her shrine. He was young and bright and strictly moral, though not religious. He had won her love and gained her consent to her marriage. During the Christmas holidays, with a company of his reckless companions, in an unusually hilarious moment, he was persuaded to take wine. Ignorant of the treacherous drink, he was soon in-

toxicated, and to the delight of his envious companions he was carried to his room drunk. The news was carried to his young lady friend, who retired to her room, buried her face in her hand, fought a battle and gained a victory. Late in the evening of the next day this young man rang the door-bell at her father's residence. She saw him coming and told the servant girl she would answer the bell. She opened the door, and said to him: "I have heard of your last night's conduct. You have taken my name and our relations into disgrace. You have shown your appreciation and your estimation of me. I cannot receive the attentions of a man who values so lightly his own character and mine. You may go back to your companions, and be my friend no longer. Our roads separate here.

GOOD-BYE, SIR."

She closed the door and walked back into the kingdom of her own home, with the feeling that she would not trust her life and happiness with a man who valued them no higher than the young man she had just turned from the door. If we had a few young women in this country who would put some valuation on their own character and their own person, and would make more demands of the opposite sex, the

young men of this country would soon purify their lives, elevate their characters and be worthy of our noble young womanhood, and there would be fewer ruined homes, crushed hearts and lives. We need young women strong in their demands on the opposite sex. Again, a strong woman must have a worthy ambition. I spent several years of my life in a female college. Young women came from what was recognized as the best homes of our country. And year after year I looked for young ladies with a real worthy ambition. The average school-girl from the average home has no ambition of her own but to be a pretty, graceful, airy young miss with two or three dudes contesting for her favors. How I have longed to see young girls with ambition to make a woman—a right, strong

CULTURED WOMAN.

How many thoroughly educated women in this audience? How many women of broad culture? How many young women with an ambition to be anything more than a society belle? And, you know what it takes to be a belle, don't you? It takes a little brass and a tongue. I have said it all over this country that any young woman can be thoroughly

educated who wishes to be, whatever may be her circumstances in life. I said this of a Tennessee town, and after my talk a young girl called at the house where I was stopping and asked to see me. She said: "Sir, you made a proposition to-day which I desire to test. You said any young lady could secure an education if she wanted it. I have come for your rule." I saw from the strength of her eye, and the determination pictured in her face, that she meant business. I said to her, "Make home folks with me for a little while and tell me your exact condition, that I may advise you. Has your father any property?" She replied, "No, sir, he is a poor renter." "Have you any brothers succeeding in business!" She replied, "I have but one,

WHO IS A POOR MAN."

I said, "Have you any relatives who have any money?" She said, "None that I know of." I saw that I had a problem. I asked again, "Have you availed yourself of the privileges of the public school?" She replied, "I am glad to tell you, sir, that I have gone through the public school course, and have taken the highest grade every session." I said, then, "A girl who will take what she can get

will appreciate what you give her. I have a plan by which you can succeed. Will you take it?" She replied, "If it is honorable, I will." I said, "I will secure for you a school to teach in the country. You can board around among the people and save your board. Do work night and morning and make yourself useful. Don't spend a single dollar of your money. You can afford to wear a faded frock for a little while, in order that you may wear what you please for the future. You can afford to wear an old hat for a little season, in order that you may wear what you please for all the future, and be a woman with a magnificent womanhood.

She replied, "Get me the school, sir, and I will do as you say." I said to her, "When your school is out, write me at Centenary Female College, Cleveland, Tenn., and I will give you further advice." Early the next fall I received a letter stating that her school was out, she had not spent a dollar of her money, and that

SHE HAD EIGHTY DOLLARS.

I wrote her to bring her \$80 and come to Centenary College. I met her at the train, introduced her to the faculty, and said to the treasurer, "Put my name opposite the name of this young lady, give her

credit for her \$80, furnish her such spending money as she is compelled to have, and charge up her balance to me." She entered the college course and was soon prominent in her class, was soon prominent as the most worthy young lady of the school, exerted a sweet Christian influence everywhere. A few years passed, during which she taught in the summer and attended school in the fall and winter. At last the day for her graduation came. I saw from the record that she had won three of the gold medals and was the valedictorian of her class. As she stood on the platform on commencement day and read her valedictory, I saw the great audience moved. After her graduation she secured a position, refunded every dollar of the money, and to-day is one of

THE FIRST YOUNG WOMEN

of our country, exerting an influence in the social circle, in church work, and in home life, and I never hear of her work that I do not say, "Thank God for a young girl that has ambition. Ambition to be somebody, ambition to attain something."

Again. A strong woman must be strong in piety. I believe God gave a woman stronger religious endowment than He gave to man. I believe He gave

this endowment for a great purpose. The two leading elements of our religion are faith and love. I believe that a woman has naturally more faith and more love than man. She who was last at the Cross, and first at the Sepulcher, believes in the ultimate triumph of the right. If I should select the most striking example of faith in the Bible I would not take Abraham, to whom God talked so long; but I would take the woman, who, pressing her way through the throng, touched the hem of the Saviour's garment with the tip of her finger.

THE GOOD WOMEN

of the church are always first to take up the work and last to lay it down. They rely with a hopefulness of ultimate triumph, where the heart of man fails him. Some time ago, after I had worked until my faith and patience had given out in trying to rescue the son of a widow, I at last made up my mind that the thing to do, since we could not save the boy, was to divert the mother's attention from him—turn her affections from him to her other loving and dutiful children. I visited her one day and suggested to her that, since the boy did not love her, and was tramping her heart beneath the iron heel of dissipation, that she turn to

her other children, who loved her, and let the reckless boy go his way.

SHE LEAPED TO HER FEET,

looked at me like a lioness (infuriated), and said, "What do you mean, sir? Do you mean that since the world has turned against my boy, nobody loves him and everybody has turned the cold shoulder to him, to come and turn his mother's love from him? Sir, you will never do that. I love my precious boy and I will never give him up. And God will save him, and some day you will see, too." Staggered at her faith, I said mechanically, "I hope so," and turned away. But that mother's faith clung to God and to that wayward boy until I lived to see the boy when he was brightly converted to God, and became a joy and comfort to his mother. Thank God for a mother faith. How oft it has saved a wayward boy. How many a wife is to-day clinging on to God in the midst of the dark and gloomy life, for a Godless husband or a dissipated husband. For ten years he has gone the downward way; for ten years wife's faith and prayer followed him. Who ever heard of a man's faith and prayer following a wayward wife? The very moment she steps from the path of rectitude

the husband rushes to the court house to get the devil's scissors, called a divorce, to separate him from

THE WICKED WOMAN.

But there never comes a day in the life of a faithful wife that she does not follow the downward steps of her husband, crying in the loneliness of her cheerless home, "Lord, save my husband." A woman's faith—there is no end to it. I need not argue the fact that woman has stronger love than man. There are examples in your own experience.

Some years ago the only son of an indulgent home had received every blessing that a kind father and a loving mother could bestow. He had been educated at the best schools, and had received every luxury of life, but

HE BEGAN TO DRINK.

And through his years of dissipation he bled the hearts of his parents, and disgraced the home, spurned every loving advice and walked roughshod over them. At last the father, exasperated and discouraged, said to his wife, "I have done everything that an indulgent father could do. The wayward boy has crushed all the feeling out of my heart. He shall not disgrace us any longer. He shall never enter this home

again." Just then the staggering form of the boy was seen to enter the front gate. His father met him at the door, and with a stern voice and a firm hand he turned him around and said, "Get off these premises, and never come here again." But the mother ran to him and threw her arms around his neck and kissed his bloated lips and face, and said, "No, no, my precious boy. You shall never

LEAVE THIS HOME

till mother leaves. You shall have a place in mother's room as long as mother has a place." With her arms around his neck she led him into the house, back into the dining-room, prepared a nice warm meal, ever and anon stooping to kiss his bloated face, talking and saying to him over and over again, "Mother loves you, my precious boy. You shall never leave this house until mother leaves." Oh, the love of a mother. How it has followed the wayward boy to the gates of hell. Oh, the love of a wife. How it has followed a wayward husband to the very depths of degradation. Thank God for a woman's love. The highest, brightest, deepest emotion that ever engaged a human heart. But why did God give a woman this endowment of faith and love? The whole world starts

at mother's feet. Every little child plays on mother's slippers, puts his arm around mother's neck, and drinks from mother's heart and life, her faith and love. God desired to give the old world a good start, and knowing a mother's love to be the fountain of all love, richly endowed her with faith and love, so that she might put it down into the infant's heart and life.

How I remember the first sweet lessons of love and faith I learned from my precious mother. How glad I am that God gave to this old world the blessing of a Christian mother. How glad I am that He made woman's heart the great storehouse of love and faith from which every little infant may draw its rich supplies. Woman's faith and woman's love. What an endowment, what a responsibility. A woman who will take this high endowment bestowed upon her by the hand of God Himself, and turn them over to the use of the devil by the worldly, sinful living, commits a crime unequalled in

THE GREAT DARK

catalogue of sin. I believe that the irreligious woman in Christian America is the greatest monstrosity that our civilization produces. When we

consider what Christianity has done for woman, what Christianity will do for woman; when we consider woman's endowments from her heavenly Father, woman's sphere and woman's work, and then think a woman turning her back upon God and surrendering herself to the devil, it is enough to make the devil himself shudder. A woman who does not love Christ and give Him room in her heart and home, displays the most inhuman ingratitude and the most unpardonable ignorance. Let me illustrate her ingratitude.

Some years ago I received this incident from a lady with whom I boarded in a little Tennessee town. A fine looking gentleman stopped one day for dinner with us, and before we went in to dinner, the lady gave me the little following sketch of history. She said: "That young man's father lived adjoining farms to my father. They moved into the settlement about the same time, and registered Government lands. There was but one child in the home, and he was that one. His father and mother were hard-working people and accumulated property. They educated that young man

FOR A PHYSICIAN.

Several years ago the father came to his dying bed,

the boy was off at college. The father sent for his lawyer to make his will, and he said to the lawyer: 'It will take but a few sentences to write my will. Give everything to my wife. She has helped me make it.' The wife interposed, saying, 'No, husband, I will not be here long myself, and you know we want our son to have this property. Let the lawyer make it out to him, and what few days I remain I will enjoy it with him,' and thus the entire estate was, by the will of the father, given to the young man.

"AFTER HIS GRADUATION

he married a young fashionable woman and brought her to the old home place. He renovated and modernized the old home against the protests of the mother, who was attached to everything about the place. She was given a retired room in the house, with orders to keep her mouth out of the affairs of the household, and to have nothing to do with anything. It was not long until this young wife became restive under suggestions of this economical old mother. She, who had worked so hard to accumulate the property, did not wish to see it wasted. Finally the test came. The young wife said to her husband: 'Either I or your old mother must leave.' And the

son drove the old mother from the home." The lady said, "I remember the day when she came over to my father's house, stating that she had been driven out of her home. I saw the old woman weep, and I thought of the heartless wretch that could do a thing like that. The old woman died in our home, and was buried, and that young man enjoyed the estate that they had accumulated." When I sat down at the dinner table with that young man, I felt like stamping him through the floor. I could hardly conceive how a man could be such a villainous ingrate as to take all these blessings at the hands of his father and mother, and then stand on the very steps of the home that his mother had given him and

DRIVE HER OFF.

Oh, the ingrate! It makes my blood fairly boil to think of it. But woman, will you hear the parallel? I heard, a short time ago, a man who had traveled the world over, say he would defy any one to produce a single square mile on the face of this earth where Jesus Christ had not been preached, and woman was not an abject slave. Christ came to enslaved woman, and with His own hands He wrought out for her her beautiful Christian home, and sealed the deed to it

with drops of blood from His own dying body. There is not a woman in this great audience who is queen of a beautiful home in this Christian land to-day, that does not possess it as a gift of the blood and suffering of the Lord Jesus Christ; and if she then stands on the marble steps of her beautiful home and drives her precious Saviour from that home and receives the card table and the dance and worldliness and sin, is ten thousand times more an ingrate than the man who drove his precious mother from the home. Oh, woman, to whom every blessing is a gift from the bleeding hands of the precious Christ, throw wide your door, and let the blessed Master in, and drive out of your home every influence that would hurt the Saviour. But not only is the woman an ingrate who is not a Christian, but she is ignorant of her own happiness. No sorrow ever came to a woman that sin did not bring. Go through the homes of this land to-day, go through the hearts of the women of this land, and their ruined homes and ruined hearts is the work of sin. And the

DEVIL RARELY CAPTURES

a woman that he does not make her his perpetual slave. How little we think of the blessings of Chris-

tianity, and of our homes and of our life. Some years ago a father stepped from his own door on his way to a temperance meeting in the streets of his town. A beautiful young girl kissed him good-night. She said: "Papa, where are going?" He replied, "I am going out to save some of our boys." And with a careless smile she said, "Save me a nice one." He walked off the steps, saying in his heart, that precious child is not conscious of the request she has made. Save my precious innocent child from a drunken husband and a drunken home. That night, as he stood on the street and made his speech, a young man, passing the crowd, stopped and heard half a dozen sentences of the speaker, one of which was this: "Young man, hear the advice of an old man. You may carry strong drink for a little while, but sooner or later it will get you down." The young man moved on, saying to himself that old man has

TOLD THE TRUTH.

I was intoxicated the other night and I never expected to get under the influence of liquor. I had better quit. Stopping there, silently and alone, he brought his face down into the palm of his hand, and said: "So help me God, I am done." Years passed

away. The cashier of a bank was seated with his wife on the front porch of their beautiful city residence. Two little children were running to and fro in the green grass of the beautiful front yard when a drunkard came staggering down the street, holding to the palings. The young wife said: "Oh, Charley, what would I do if you should come staggering home drunk like that some day?" He replied, "Annie, I believe I never told you what made me give up drink." And he recalled to her the incident of the young man who had heard the old man make his temperance speech. It was Annie's father that made the talk and Annie's husband that heard it, and the night she looked up into her father's face and said, "Save me one," little did she think that at that hour would be the hour in her father's life that would bring her a happy, temperate home. Ah, no woman knows where sin will cross her path.

NO WOMAN KNOWS

where Christianity will bless her life. But remember this, that nothing but Christianity can help you and nothing but sin can hurt you. And a woman who turns Christ from her heart and home and life is ignorant of her own happiness. She displays the

greatest weakness of her sex, but she who received Christ into her heart and home and her life, receives the strength that towers above all other elements of strength. Truly, a strong woman is one that feareth the Lord. A woman who is strong in body, strong in dress, strong in her demands on the opposite sex, strong in her ambition, strong in her piety, becomes the strong woman whom her children shall call blessed, and whom her husband shall praise. It is this woman who will stand in society as a great tower of strength, whose influence will sweeten the lives of all about her. A woman whose hand is stretched out to the needy will make this sorrowing world smile. A woman with her hand stretched out to the poor and helpless, a woman in whom the husband can safely trust, and in whom the children have a mother, the influence of whose life shall share their destiny.

The most hopeless boy I ever met in all my work is the boy without a mother. The poor fellow, who receiving the sentence, when asked if he knew any reason why sentence should not be passed upon him, drooped his head as

THE TEARS FLOWED DOWN

his cheek, said:

“Oh, Judge, if I had had a mother. If I had had

a mother. If I had had a mother." In all the wrecks of human character that we have found along our pathway no sadder one have we ever found than that poor man who says my home is wrecked. Some years ago, in a neat little cottage in a Southern city lived an honest, faithful laboring man. A railroad man. He had two sweet little children, and as he thought, a noble wife. His little home was happy; he was contented, and his bank account was constantly increasing. One day some one whispered in his ear something about his home. He said: "It is a lie. My wife is as pure as an angel." But again a friend whispered in his ear, and another. Returning to his little home at an unexpected hour one night, his grave suspicions were turned into awful facts.

MORTIFIED, ENRAGED,

he was no longer the same man. One night he took that wife and those two sweet little children to the lake in one of our neighboring towns, tied weights to their necks, and pushed them off into the lake. I have seen him in the clear star-light night push the pleading little girl from his bosom, and looking upon her lips bubbling in the water, as he pushed them under, I have said: "Oh, what a demon.

OH, WHAT A DEMON."

But I go back of that hour and see how sad the fact that made him the demon. The women of our country make or ruin our homes. Many a young girl has led her precious brother out into influences that grabbed and doomed him. Many a wife has brought her own precious husband into circumstances that have ruined him and ruined the home. There is no sweeter picture on earth than a Christian home where a loving, faithful wife keeps the fire continually burning upon the altar, her little ones are taught the ways of truth, and where her husband, influenced by her sweet Christian character, is led to Christ, and the entire family singing and praying, journey toward the city of God. A Christian woman in the home almost settles the question. A Christian woman in society, a Christian woman in the world, thank God for a Christian woman. "Her price is far above rubies."

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Matthew v: 44. My text is from Christ's wonderful Sermon on the Mount. The listening multitude heard their great Teacher speak as never man spake. Sentence after sentence, He states great fundamental truths. Here He gives a command that the world had never heard before. They had heard it had been said, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." They had heard it said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy;" but never before had they received the command to love their enemies.

Many of His hearers had read in the old Mosaic doctrine, "If any mischief follow, then thou shalt give life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." Christ does not contradict the Mosaic law, but He gives to the world a higher law.

A nation of people led from the worship of idols, ignorant of God and higher laws, unable to understand or appreciate the deeper diviner laws of the pure heart, a hungering and thirsting after righteous-

ness, could be governed only by physical laws. Their life must be preserved by rigid laws, demanding life for life, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, but after years of education and discipline, God had led them out on the Mount, where they were able to hear and receive the truths of the Gospel. The light of the world is now come, and men seeing the light shall walk in the light as He is in the light. No longer governed by mere laws and commandments, but governed from within by the regeneration, calling into being motives, desires and affections which govern the whole man.

The very nature of this new heart is to be that of the great heart of God, "according as the divine power hath given unto us the things that pertain unto life and Godliness through the knowlege of Him Who hath called us to glory and virtue. Whereby are given unto us great and exceeding precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."

The very evidence of this passing out of a sinful nature into a divine nature is love. "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." "Beloved, let us love one another,

for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love." If I were to write my whole religion in one word, I should write the word "love." It was love that moved God to give His Son to die for us. It was love that moved Christ to surrender the glories of heaven and suffer the agony of Calvary. We know we have passed from death unto life because we love. "But whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother hath need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" The whole law, then, is briefly stated in this, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." Thus we see that love originated the plan of salvation. Love wrought it out on Calvary. Love is the evidence of it, and love is the practice of it. If a man loves God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength and with all his mind, then every other Christian duty will be easy and natural. He will then love humanity. "If a man say he loves God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." "If he love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God

whom he hath not seen?" "And this commandment have we from him that he who loveth God loveth his brother also."

The secret of happiness, my brother, is to seek and find the regenerated heart that loves supremely God and mankind, and then do as you please. Life's work will then be a sweet service of love. This love is necessary to all Christian duty and privilege. Without it we cannot properly worship God, therefore, "if thou bringest thy gift to the altar and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." The heart that properly worships God must be at peace with God and all mankind. We cannot pray with hatred in our heart. In the Lord's Prayer He hath set a trap for every one who entertains the least malice or hatred toward any one. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us." If you don't truly and sincerely forgive all who have trespassed against you in any way, then instead of asking God's forgiveness you ask for the reverse. You ask that He entertain for you the very feelings that you entertain for those who have tres-

passed against you. Beware, my brother, how you pray. Never take the Lord's Prayer on your lips until you are in love and charity with the whole world. Love is the great uniting element, sin is the great disintegrating element. Sin separates man from God, his Father, and separates from his brother. Love brings man into harmony with all mankind. In the band of stringed instruments there is a key-note, and to this all the instruments are tuned. There is harmony in music. An instrument out of tune is discordant with itself, and with all of the other instruments. God is the great key-note of the universe, and God is love. "Everyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God."

I was in a home once where a string band was giving the most beautiful music. Dinner was announced, and while the musicians were at dinner the children tampered with the strings. When they took up their instruments after dinner, there was a horrible discord. The key-note was sounded, and all the instruments were brought back into harmony, and that same sweet music was possible again. There was a time in the happy days of Eden when man loved God, and there was music everywhere, but Satan touched the harp strings of the human soul, and

threw it out of harmony with the world and with God, and sin's discord was sounded. Man was separated from his God, and the blood of Abel cried out from the earth, and the discords of sin have filled the earth in all ages. But Jesus Christ came on the earth, went up on Calvary, and struck the key-note. "As I have loved you, so love ye one another." And every heart brought into harmony with Jesus Christ is in harmony with the world and all mankind. The world is full of music when the heart is full of love.

This command to love has several statements in the Bible. "Love one another." "Love thy neighbor as thyself." "Love your enemies." I have chosen a command apparently most difficult to obey. "Love your enemies." If you have ever done much in the world you have made enemies. Every loyal, aggressive Christian makes enemies. "Marvel not if the world hate you." Christ's enemies crucified Him. The enemies of the apostles and early disciples imprisoned, stoned, crucified and burned them. Who is my enemy? He may be the one who hates me or he may be the one who would, under the cover of night, set fire to my house, who would slip up behind me and pierce me with a dagger, who would "take from me that which naught enriches him, but

makes me poor indeed." He may be that man who would do any and all manner of evil against me, and I am commanded to love him. No commandment in all the Scripture has given me more trouble than this. I do not bother over the mysteries of the Bible. The plain commandments are the portions of Scripture that give me trouble. For years I tried to love my enemy with an impossible love. Love is a big word, and has many elements. Love is a compound emotion, and cannot be driven. Love is involuntary. It comes out from the heart like the light from the sun, like water from the fountain, like fragrance from a flower. The nature of the heart gives it birth, and sends it forth.

How, then, shall I love my enemy? There are some elements of love which in the nature of the case may not be exercised toward an enemy. Take the element of esteem. I met you a few days ago. You were not prepossessing. I saw you as we walked down the street stop and administer to the wants of a beggar; a little farther on I saw you kindly assist an aged man over the rough street crossing; a little farther along I saw the sweetest sympathy manifested for a suffering man; at your home I saw the little ones clamor about your neck, and heard your kind words

to wife and children. Finally I said, "I love that man." Why? Because great and noble traits of character manifesting themselves at every turn of your way demanded my love. Again I meet this other man. His manner is pleasing and prepossessing, and I am prepared to love him. But I see him turn his back upon a poor, deserving creature seeking alms. I see him jostle rudely out of his way an aged man. I see him turn his back upon half a dozen demands for sympathy and help. I overheard him stabbing the hearts of his wife and little ones with his cruel words. As I walked off of his door-step, I said, "I do not like that man. He is low and vicious. I cannot esteem him highly; I do not believe God wants me to."

Again. There is a complacent element in love. I look upon a beautiful landscape, a lovely rose, a beautiful face, and I say I love flowers, I love beautiful landscapes, I love beautiful faces. Why? Because they please me. Some things are in their very nature pleasing; others in their very nature displeasing. I look upon a city sewer, a stagnant pond, and turn away in disgust. They are in their very nature displeasing. I cannot help from loving beautiful flowers. I could not persuade myself to love a stag-

nant pond. I meet a man; love, gentleness, meekness and all the Christian virtues glow in all their beauty in his character. I am pleased with the character. I see another man, false, vicious, unclean. I cannot help being pleased with the one. I cannot help being displeased with the other, and I express it by saying, I love that character; I do not love the other.

There is another element of love, which we denominate gratitude. I will illustrate it. There is a three-story house on fire. All the family have escaped, they think. But upon examination they find that little Bessie has been left behind. Her chubby little hands and arms are stretched from the upper window, and she screams for help. Every stairway is cut off by the flames, which are rapidly enveloping the whole building. The father, looking upon the scene, cries, "All that I have will I give for the rescue of that child!" The mother joins by shouting, "All! All! All for the rescue of my darling."

Ladders are thrown against the building, but the brave men stand back. There is a little sailor boy in the crowd, who was accustomed to mounting masts and scaling ladders. Fearlessly he leaps upon the ladder resting against the building, and up he goes until

the flames from out the window fairly blister his body. Half way up the ladder he hesitates, he pauses. "Three cheers for the sailor boy," go up from the crowd, and he goes to the window, throws his arms around Bessie and rapidly descends the ladder, and falls fainting at the feet of the excited father and mother of the little girl. They alternate in their kisses upon the ruddy cheeks of little Bessie and the tanned cheeks of the sailor boy. They adopt him into their family as their own son, and through all the coming years they know not whether they love most the rescued or the rescuer. What is this? It is gratitude. The warrior stops at the home gate, pats the withers of his dappled gray, and says, "Ho, fellow, I love you." He has spanned ravines, he has leaped fences, created distances between him and the enemy, and saved his life in half a dozen cases, and brought him safe at last to his home gate. He loves the horse. It is the love of gratitude.

Some years ago I was sitting in the large armchair by our home fireside. I had just recovered from a long spell of typhoid fever, through which my tireless mother had sat almost constantly at my bedside. When they would say, "Mother, go to sleep," she would reply, "I cannot sleep." There are times when

the good mother does not get sleepy. When they would say, "Mother, eat," she would say, "I am not hungry." There are times when a good mother does not get hungry. But the crisis had come and past, and convalescent, I was sitting by the fire, while she sat carefully guarding, lest in my weakness I should faint and fall from my chair. As I turned and looked into her anxious face, so careworn, I saw upon her temples the first gray hairs I had ever noticed in her head. I said, "Mother, I did not know you were turning gray." She said, "I am not." I said, "There are gray hairs on your temple." Womanlike, she went to the mirror and looked into it. And then with a deep shadow upon her face, she said, "I had never noticed them before." Was it the long, anxious days and nights that she watched by my bedside that turned those hairs to silver? I think so. Anyway, when I return from my various trips, and look into her dear old face, and see those hairs glistening upon those temples I love my mother just like I love nobody else on God's green earth, and I am sure that God doesn't want me to love anybody like I love her. There are some kinds of love that cannot be exercised for every one. I am glad God doesn't say, "Love your neighbor like you love your wife." I

could not have done it. I am so glad that God does not say, "Love your neighbor like you love your mother." I could not have done it. I am so glad that God doesn't say, "Love your neighbor like you love your children." I could not have done it. I am so glad that He doesn't say, "Love your neighbor like you love your best friend." I could not have done it. God never commands an impossible thing. God does not demand of me the love of esteem for every creature. God does not demand of me the love of complacency for every creature. God does not demand of me that I love with the love of gratitude every creature. The love of esteem is called forth by estimable qualities; the love of complacency is called forth by pleasing objects. The love of gratitude is called forth by kind deeds. These elements of love are dependent upon things without me. But there is a love, the best love this old world ever knew. The love that God had when He gave His Son to die for me. The love that Christ had when He suffered on Calvary for me. The love that God demands of me toward every creature; it is the benevolent love. A wish-well love. The love that wishes everybody well, and wishes nobody harm. The love that when actively exercised "does unto

others as I would want them to do unto me." The love when properly exercised leads me to do no harm to any one, but all the good that I can to everyone. This love does not depend upon external objects, but goes gushing from a good heart like water from a fountain. Goes out from a good heart like fragrance from a rose. Goes from a good heart like light from the sun. It is the love that distinguishes the sinner from the Christian, the man of God from the man of the world. It is that love that when reviled "does not revile again." It is that love that "returns good for evil." It is that love that patiently wears the crown of thorns, and wipes the rude spittle from the face. It is that love that cries out from the storm of stones, "Father, forgive them." It is the love that bleeding and dying on Calvary, cries out, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It is the love which is the evidence of regeneration. I shall never forget the day when God, for Christ's sake pardoned my sins; when the Holy Ghost regenerated me; when this love first took possession of my heart. The morning after my conversion I was working in the field with a heart as bright as the sun that shone overhead, and with a soul as happy as the birds that sang in the branches about me. As I

looked toward the road, I saw riding along a neighbor boy with whom I had recently had a difficulty. I called to him to stop. I walked out to him, and with the hot tears upon my face, I said, "Henry, last night God saved me, I am happy in His love this morning. I do not hate anybody. I love everybody. Won't you give me your hand and let us bury the past, and start up our friendship anew?" What made me do that? I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. A missionary told me that during a season of prayer, when a number of heathen were at the altar seeking Christ, one arose to his feet, and with a smile over his face, looked him in the face. "Me lov yu." "Me lov yu." He then looked into the face of the native converts and said, "Me lov you." "Me lov yu." He then lifted up both hands and said, "Yes, yes, me love everybody. Me love those that don't love me." When God regenerates a human soul and plants the divine love in it, whether he be an American, a Chinese or an Indian, it is the same song of love. But if I love those that hate me and spitefully use me, where shall I seek redress of wrong? Shall I go through the world like a whipped spaniel, shrinking from all my enemies? No. The Gospel of Christ is the science of manhood. It never demands from

any man anything but the loftiest heroism and supreme courage. I have a contempt for a pusillanimous coward. But thank God, a man don't have to be a rattlesnake striking at everything that stirs a leaf or moves a branch in his neighborhood. He does not have to be a bulldog to bite, a mule to kick, or a town bully to cut and shoot and cuss. The only perfect man who ever walked this earth was Jesus Christ, our exemplar. He held the power of God in His right arm, and wiped the spittle of the enemy from His cheek.

The fact that a man will shoot at the drop of a hat, will fight anybody upon the slightest provocation, is not proof of courage. It is oftener the evidence of a brutish man. He who is closest to the brute values least a human life. He who is farthest from the brute values most a human life. He who sacrifices a human life to a human passion values human passion higher than he values human life. The fact that a man is quick to fight is often proof that he is more afraid of public opinion than he is of God. He values a human life lower than he values a human passion. There is a foolish sentiment, mainly nourished in the South, that every insult is to be met with a human life. If one man calls another a liar,

he must pay for the insult with his blood. No more foolish and debasing practice ever existed among men. If a man calls me a liar I am either a liar or I am not a liar. If I am a liar he simply states a fact which I ought to admit. If I am not a liar then he is a liar, and if I should undertake to fight every liar in the country I should have a government job on my hands. There is no philosophy, nor religion, nor good breeding in courting a personal difficulty with every ill-bred scamp who calls you a liar. A noble old Englishman of my town, every inch a gentleman, was sitting in his office one day, when a neighbor entered, having become offended at some business transaction. In the course of their conversation, he abruptly turned to the Englishman and said, "Sir, you are a liar." The Englishman calmly looked up into his face and said, "Sir, that is just your opinion expressed in your ill-breeding. I do not wish to continue a conversation with a man so ill-bred as to talk that way in a gentleman's office." He turned to his desk and continued his writing.

When a man wishes to fight me, one of three things is true: I have done him a wrong, he conceives that I have done him a wrong, or he is ill-tempered. If I have done him a wrong, it is my business to kindly

and patiently rectify the wrong. If he conceives that I have done him the wrong, when I have not, it is my business either alone or with the assistance of others, to convince him of his error. If he is an ill-tempered fellow I should be charitable, to say the least of it, too manly to get into a personal difficulty with such a man; I should avoid him as I would avoid a vicious dog.

A Christian man will accept an apology. A Christian man will not carry malice. A bully who poses as a brave man is often the biggest coward. He is not afraid of death and is not afraid of personal violence. In this he is like a Jersey brute or an ill-tempered cur. But he is afraid of public opinion. He is afraid of being called a coward. It takes more courage, often, to brook public opinion than to face a cannon. It takes more real courage to bear an insult than to resent it. When brought to the last analysis, nothing is so cowardly, so silly, so brutish, as fighting.

A fight occurred among my neighbors once, in which the father was badly wounded. While the physicians were sewing up the wounds, I stood in the moonlight in the yard, with four of his sons. One of them said, "If my father dies, the other man must die." I said, "Hear me a few minutes. It is the

mark of a good hunter not to waste his ammunition. If a man is loaded for deer, it would be very silly to shoot at a wren. The game is not worth the powder. It would be very foolish to shoot at a lizard, the game is not worth the load. Let us see what you load with and what your game will be worth when killed, before you shoot. You must load your gun with a long lawsuit. You must load your gun with the happiness of your wife and children. You must load your gun with a heavy expenditure of money. You must load your gun with the blood of your fellow-man. You must load your gun with a whole life of sorrow of his innocent wife and sweet children, who are in no way responsible. Put all these things into your gun and fire into your man, and when he lies dead at your feet, what is his dead body worth to you? If you say that his streaming blood and the wail of his wife and the screaming of his children will feed a passion in your bosom, I say that is a bad passion. If you say, "the man deserves death," there is a just God who will attend to that. If you say, "he deserves punishment," there are adequate civil laws to attend to that. "But," you may say, "where shall I seek revenge?" God hath said, "Vengeance is mine." It is utterly impossible to find

vengeance on earth. If you kill me, my oldest boy will kill you; your oldest son will kill him; the next relative on your side will kill on my side, and the next on my side will kill on your side, and let your bloody fight go on until the earth is baptized in blood and hell is peopled with suffering souls and yet vengeance is impossible.

Here is a picture. Two young men are in partnership. They were married men and had happy families. For business considerations they dissolved partnership. In the division of goods an altercation arose in which one called the other a liar. To satisfy the insult he jerked from his pocket a pistol, and sent a ball through the head of his former friend and partner. With a dull thud he fell to the floor and the murderer was in the hands of the officers. A few hours later the murderer was locked in the cold iron prison with his wife and children weeping and wailing on the outside. The wife of the other man, with her two little children, had just gone on a visit to her father. A telegram was sent. "Your husband was shot and killed this morning. Come home." On receiving the telegram, a sad wail alarmed the neighbors, who gathered in to look in upon the most pitiful creature and to hear the most pitiful wails. Ever and

anon the suffering woman would say, "Oh! my happiness is ended! My happiness is ended!" And her sweet little children tugging at her dress, and crying piteously, "What is the matter, mamma? What is the matter, mamma?" received no answer but her sad wails.

She dressed in mourning, and came on the evening train to the scene of the tragedy, and was taken to her home, which she had so recently left so full of joy and sunshine. As her feet touched the step she looked up at the little vine-covered cottage, and said, "Oh, you once sweet little home, you will never be home to me any more. You will never be home to me any more." If you call that revenge, God knows that I don't want it. I want no vengeance taken from the hearts and lives of innocent women and helpless children. Hear this, my brother, whenever you shoot into a man, I care not where you hit the man, you have hit some poor woman in the heart. Some mother's heart, some wife's heart or some sister's heart will carry the bullet to the grave. When you stab a man, I care not what part of his body your blade makes its incision, you stab some poor woman in the heart. There is no more cowardly and brutal act on earth than that which oppresses helpless women

and children. And he who pulls his pistol from his pocket, fires into his fellow-man, and consequently puts a bullet in the mother's, or wife's, or sister's heart, and crushes helpless women and children by his brutal act, may be called a brave man by the rabble who stand by and hear not the pitiful moans year after year that come from the wounded hearts of wife and mother and children, but I stand in my place to-day and say, that he who shoots down his fellow-man is a cowardly brute.

Is it cowardly to suffer wrong for the innocent and helpless? Is it cowardly to suffer an insult from a brutal character? Is it cowardly to look with compassion upon a man who would sacrifice a human life to a human passion? who thinks it is brave to fight? who thinks it manly to satisfy his passion with blood? I thank God that the highest and truest and bravest manhood is on a different plane.

Here is my idea of a brave man. A preacher stood on the streets of my town one Sabbath afternoon and preached to a promiscuous crowd that gathered about him. In the course of his sermon he said, "I would rather steal than sell liquor." Said he, "When I give a man liquor for his money I give him something worth less than nothing. There is not a father in all

the land that would not prefer his son be robbed rather than his money exchanged for liquor. And then if I should steal a man's money, I would leave his person intact, his character intact, and it would not incapacitate him for taking care of himself and making more money. But if I should sell him liquor I get his money for something that is worth less than nothing; I hurt his character, I hurt his wife, I hurt his little children, I hurt his business, and I incapacitate him for making more money." Said he, "I would rather steal. I would rather steal."

The next day, walking down the street, a saloon-keeper accosted him, with the vilest oaths he assailed him. The preacher stood calmly and unmoved, and looking him straight in the eye, said, "I will have no personal altercation with you, sir. I fight a business, not a man." The saloonkeeper said, "If you pass by my door again I will stamp you into the earth." The preacher looked him square in the eye, and said, "I am going after my mail. This is my nearest way home. I shall be back here in fifteen minutes." He secured his mail and calmly and deliberately walked by the door as he had done before. The cowardly saloonkeeper stood in his door and looked upon a man who had the courage to speak his honest sentiments

and to walk in the plain path of duty, fearing none but God. He who kicks at every dog that barks at him will have a sprained knee, his breeches torn, or wear dob-slobbers half the time. He who fights at the barking dog is very little bigger than the dog that barks. God has fixed a higher and better law, the practical working of which will show the world that He who made man made the law.

God's law is, "Recompense no man evil for evil." "Love your enemies." "Bless them that curse you." "Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." And ye are commanded to do this that ye may be like your Father in Heaven, "who maketh the sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sendeth the rain upon the just and upon the unjust."

He who follows the laws of Christianity follows the highest laws; and he who lives a Christian life lives the manliest life. And the God who commanded us to return good for evil fixed a law in the human heart by which this very act should heap coals of fire upon the enemy. God's law is, that when an enemy begins an aggressive course of wrong against us, turn to him a good heart, and it will become a

sword wounding him in every thrust that he makes. I conclude with two illustrations.

When I was at Emory and Henry College I heard a young man, whom I loved for his manliness and his gentleness, telling a joke at the expense of a young fellow who prided himself on his courage. He deliberately walked up to him, and placing his fist close to his face said, "You are a liar." I saw the blush mantle the cheek of my friend. A tear came to his eye as he got the reins of his spirit, and with superb self-control, held himself a moment. "He who controlleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city." He looked the young man in the face, and said: "If you were a gentleman, sir, you would not act this way. Nothing short of a gentleman can insult me. If God will forgive your wickedness I ought to forgive your insolence, and I do." He turned and walked away to his room. I followed soon after. We were sitting together in his room talking of how Christ bore the insults of the vicious, when there was a rap at the door. My friend said, "Come in." When it opened that same young man was at the door. The tears had swapped eyes. They had gotten over into his eyes. He said to my friend, "I did you a wrong to-day, and I have come to

apologize." My friend, with a smile on his face, extended his hand and said, "It is not necessary to apologize. It is all right. It is all right. Let it go." I saw that young man bury his face in his hands and weep like a child. My friend had whipped him as he could not have done with all the hickory withes in the woods. There is something, even in the foulest natures, that responds to a manly act.

A little later a revival was started in the old college chapel. My friend stepped back in the audience and put his arm around this young man, and invited him to be a Christian. His words moved the heart of the young man, and he followed him to the altar. What we need to capture this old world for Christ is a few first-class samples of Christianity. A few men who can teach this old world to love as our Saviour loved, and to suffer as our Saviour suffered.

A Christian never has a finer opportunity to reveal Christ to the world than in a moment when he has been grossly insulted. In our Tennessee country, some years ago, two men were living on adjoining farms. A little creek divided their farms. On one side lived Mr. J., a Christian gentleman, and on the other side lived Mr. H., an ill-tempered sinner. It so happened that Mr. J.'s hogs got over the creek into

Mr. H.'s fields. Mr. H. saw them, became enraged, took his dogs and hands and went down to the field and dogged the hogs until he had torn their ears and fearfully abused them.

After he had thrown the last one over the fence into the lane, he started back home cursing. Mr. J. had stood on a little hill overlooking the creek bottom, and had witnessed the whole scene. He turned quietly and walked back home, saying to one of his hands, "I am sorry my neighbor allows himself to get into such a mood. The poor hogs were not to blame. I would not have treated his stock in that way." But it is easier to talk than to act.

It is not long until the hogs of Mr. H. get over into the fields of Mr. J. He sees them tearing to pieces a beautiful meadow. Mr. H. sees them at the same time. Mr. J. calls his two grown sons, walks by the crib, puts a few handfuls of corn in his pocket, and as they approach the hogs, he said to one of his sons, "Open the fence that leads into the lane," and unto the other son he said, "Get around the hogs and drive them this way," at the same time taking a handful of the corn from his pocket, throwing it toward the hogs, began to say in a very kind tone, "Pig, pig, piguay." Mr. H. having seen Mr. J. coming toward

the hogs and expecting his hogs to be treated as he had treated Mr. J.'s, put his pistol into his pocket, and walked down toward the two men, concealing himself behind a large dead tree, and was stirring the muddy chaldron of his wicked old soul, talking to himself, and saying what he would do if his hogs were dogged. Mr. J. quietly led the hogs to the gap, and while his sons put up the fence he threw down the remaining handful of corn to the hogs, remarking to his sons "that his neighbor had some very fine hogs." Just as they started home Mr. H. stepped out from behind the tree and called, "Mr. J., stop there." Mr. J. stopped. He walked up to him and said, "I feel like lying down in this road, and letting you put your foot on my neck. I am not fit to be the neighbor of such a man as you are. If you will shake hands with such a man as I am, I want to promise you that I will make you a better neighbor, and I could not make you the neighbor I ought to make without the religion you have. And I want you to pray that I may be a Christian." Mr. J. said, "Why, neighbor, I have nothing against you. The Lord bless you, sir. I have been praying for you all these years, and shall continue to do so." It was but a short time until Mr. H. became a consistent

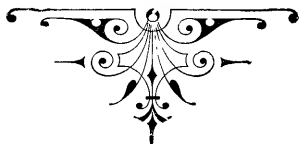
member of the church, and a kind and accommodating neighbor.

Brethren, let us teach this old world what Christianity is by giving to it some living examples. Here is a picture.

See that lion coming. Hear him roar. He fairly shakes the hills. A little child has escaped from the caravan, and a little lamb has wandered from the fold. They are in the track of the great old lion. See! See! he approaches the little lamb, with his great paw strikes it to the earth, and devours it. See how he approaches the little child, strikes it to the earth with his great paw, tears limb from limb and devours it. Look at his fiery eye. Hear his awful roar. See his bloody teeth. What is that? That is a picture of human life following the laws of human nature. See that old lion. He comes again. He is the same old lion, in many respects, but we hear no horrible roar. His eyes look as gentle as old Rover's, and he walks as gentle as old Rover. See, in his shaggy mane are the fingers of a little child. Look, a little lamb walks by his side. See them come toward the gate. They have walked under the shadow of the tree. The old lion lies down lazily. See, the little child pillows its head upon its jagged

mane. The lamb lies down at his feet. What is that? That is a picture of human nature redeemed by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Where did I get that picture? I got it from this blessed old Bible. The old prophet looked down through the ages and saw the coming Christ, and he said in substance, "The lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them." Oh, beautiful, childlike Christianity, put thy gentle hand upon the shaggy mane of our human nature, and lead us into the green meadows and beside the still waters.

Oh, thou blessed lamb, come thou and walk with us, and grant that we, redeemed from the domination of wicked tempers and passions, may walk the earth in peace and gentleness.



THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER.

Psalm xci: 3. "Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler." "Surely he," that is God, "will deliver thee," that is you, my brother, "from the snare of the fowler," that is the traps of the devil. I am so glad that the Gospel has been so thoroughly humanized. It comes so close to me, so close to you. I am so glad that Christ came in human flesh, walked on human feet, did kind deeds with human hands, and spake His wonderful words with human tongue. I am glad He walked and talked and ate and slept with humanity. But Christ came no closer to the world than does this old Bible. In this book we have the truths of the Gospel illustrated by all conditions of human life, from the tent to the palace; in every walk of life, from the shepherd boy to the king; every object on which we look has been taken by the blessed book to illustrate some truth.

"There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower,
On every herb on which we tread
Are written words, which rightly read
Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod,
And up to holiness in God."

The author of my text is David, the ruddy-cheeked son of Jesse, and a natural-born poet. I read the whole book of Psalms through once to see what God was to David. I was charmed by his wonderful figures. Hear him talk of his God.

“The Lord is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer.” “My buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.” “The Lord is my stay.” “The Lord is my light and the Lord is my strength.” “He shall hide me in His pavilion; in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me.” “He shall set me upon a rock.” “When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.” “The Lord is my shield.” “Thou art my fortress.” “Thou art my hiding-place.” “For God is my defense.” “My refuge in the day of trouble.” “Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy. I will trust in the covert of thy wings.” “Be thou my strong habitation.” “The Lord is my shepherd.” “Keep me as the apple of the eye.” “Hide me in the shadow of thy wing.” “How say ye to my soul, flee as a bird to the mountain.” How wonderful are these pictures!

Again I have read to see what David thought of the devil, and he saw him through the same poetic

eye. There is no more graphic picture of the devil anywhere than the one in my text. David represents him as a bird-catcher, and represents you and me as the unwary, unthinking bird caught by the snare of the fowler. I have selected this familiar figure to-night that I might get close to you. When my Master spake to the people He gathered from the scenes about Him the figures that would bring Him closest to His audience. When He talked to the shepherds He said, "I am the good shepherd, and My sheep know My voice." And every time a shepherd spoke to a sheep after that, the sheep, responding to the shepherd's voice, preached the Master's sermon. When He spake to the fishermen He said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind, which, when it was full, they drew to the shore and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away." As the fishermen sat in little groups, by the sea, sorting their fishes, the fish preached the Master's sermon. When He talked to the farmer He said, "Behold a sower went forth to sow, and when he sowed some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up. And some fell upon stony places, and some fell among thorns, and

others fell into good ground." As the farmer went forth sowing his seed, as it bounced from the hard beaten path, or rattled among the thistles, it preached the Master's sermon. When He spake to the woman of busy household cares He said, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." And the pone of bread in each woman's hand, preached the Master's sermon. He said, "Ye are the light of the world," and every rising sun preached the Master's sermon. He said, "Ye are a candle," and every taper preached. He said, "Ye are the salt," and every crystal of salt preached the Master's sermon. The Master touched the household and every-day scenes of life, and made them pregnant with His Gospel. And to-night, following the example of my Master, I take from this blessed book a little picture, and I get close to you. I bring a few simple methods by which the bird-catcher catches birds. And if you will give me your attention, you will be surprised to see how much like a bird you have been, and how much like a bird-catcher the devil has been.

The first method I take is that of the decoy. Did you ever lay under the covert of a river bank with a wooden duck, exactly resembling in paint, in shape, in color a living duck, resting upon the river? It

moves as a duck moves, looking like a duck looks, acting as a duck acts. Did you never hear the whistle of the wild duck's wing in the air, and see them circle and circle about the wooden duck? At last, assuring themselves that all is safe, they alight with a splutter around the wooden duck; and did you never hear the bang, bang of the guns, and see the poor decoyed ducks bleeding and floundering upon the bosom of the water? I shall never forget my first duck hunt. I shall never forget the first time I ever saw a decoy, how like a duck it looked. It had a duck's wing; it had a duck's head; it had a duck's color, and even the glass eye made the decoy perfect. I never used a more effective instrument than a decoy for catching game. Where is the devil's decoy, and how is he like a bird-catcher? The devil's decoy is the nominal church member with his ecclesiastical paint on, in outward appearance the very image of a Christian, and spiritually as dead as the old wooden duck. Never did the devil have a more effective agency than the nominal member of the church. I noticed that our decoy duck was completely under our control. We could tie it out on the pond; tie it out on the lake; tie it out on the river; tie it out on the swamp; and so of the devil's decoys, they are

under his power. He sets them out in the theater; stands them out on the ball-room floor; sets them down at the card table; stands them up by the saloon counter. They are in his power. I notice that our decoy was not afraid of anything. The voice of the hunter gave no alarm, while every living duck fluttered and flew the decoy swam placidly upon the bosom of the water, and seemed to say, "I am safe everywhere. Nothing hurts me." There is no surer test of the decoy than this. And there is no surer test of the devil's decoy than to hear one say, "The dance does not hurt me." "The theater does not hurt me." "The card table does not hurt me." "A drink now and then does not hurt me." The only reason that they do not hurt you is that you are dead. And the devil simply uses your church membership, your perfunctory performances of Christian duty, and your outward likeness to the Christian, as a snare by which he may trap and bring to death unthinking Christians. If the record of the decoy duck in the hands of the hunter could be kept, and all the ducks destroyed through its agency piled around on some hunter's day, what an awful picture of distress there would be, of broken wing and broken leg, bleeding head, ruined eye, and lost plumage. When, in

the great judgment of God, the devil's decoys are gathered around them, ah, the gamblers, the drunkards, the licentious. These gamblers, my friend, were made at your gaming table; these debauched and ruined characters, my friend, were made in your dance hall; these licentious characters, all blackened with sin, were made as they sat with you in the dress circle, in the private boxes, or in the peanut gallery of the theater. These drunkards were made with wine from your table, punch from your beautiful bowl, and claret from your sparkling glasses. Oh, the record of the devil's decoys! Christ's greatest enemies were His professed friends who were untrue. And some of these friends are loudest in their professions. They wear the biggest crosses on their person; they wear the longest faces at worship; they are often prominent in church societies, and sometimes head the list in benevolent giving. It is strange that Judas furnishes the only recorded example who kissed his Lord in public, and he was the only example who paraded his love for the poor, by his desire to take even the offerings of the Master to increase the funds for the poor. To-day there is not a species of sin whose counterpart is not in the church somewhere, I mean among church members. Too

often our church societies, organized to help the poor and comfort the sick and do other eleemosynary work in the name of Christ, are used by the devil to introduce our young people to the most corrupt institutions. Young as I am in the Christian life, I have known church societies to have a dance, whose fees were to go into a church building. I have known a church to take the gates of a base ball park, the receipts of the game to be applied to the church building. I have known a church to raffle a silk quilt to procure funds for the Master's use. I have known the church to solicit the kiss from her maidens' lips to augment the treasury of the church. I have known the church to defraud the public by so-called oyster soup, ice cream and other articles offered for sale, which were but abominable cheats and frauds. Let us down with all this business, and when the church of our Christ needs money, let us give like loving children. How many there are like Judas of old, who would take the sweet incense from off the very person of Christ and sell it for funds for the church treasury. The church treasury is bigger than Christ. Let us take a picture.

Here is a fourth-class saloon on a back street. In the back end of this saloon is a black, dirty pine

table. On this pine table is a greasy deck of cards and a bottle of liquor, and a little pile of coin. Around this table sit four old gamblers who drink from the bottle, and gamble with the cards for the little pile of silver.

Take another scene. An elegant so-called Christian home, every member of the family have their names upon the church record. There are a series of beautiful carved oak tables. On each table lies a beautiful deck of silk cards, and around each table are gathered an elegantly-dressed company of people, three-fourths of whom are church members, some of them, possibly, officials in the church. On the center table stands a beautiful cut-glass vase, and they are playing progressive euchre for the vase. Take these two pictures, and look at them a moment. In the sight of God and the laws of our land the one is as much gambling as the other; both crowds should be arrested and brought before the courts, just like a nigger is arrested and brought before the courts for shooting craps. There was, a short time ago, on the bench in the city of Chattanooga, a Judge who had the courage to so instruct his Grand Jury. As I look upon these two pictures with my precious boy standing by my side, I speak the truth when I say I

fear the latter more than I fear the former. The former will never get my boy, nor will it ever get any ambitious boy or any of our boys from any of our better circles of life. That old saloon, that old table, that old greasy deck of cards, those old gamblers, have nothing in them to captivate the boy or pull him from the paths of virtue.

They would all have a tendency to drive him from the place of vice. But that elegant home, those beautiful tables, those silk cards, and that elegant group of polite society, the brilliant lights and the delightful music, will capture my boy and capture your boy. Our boys matriculate in the latter and graduate in the former.

Take another picture. There is a big gilded saloon down on Main street. The music is going, the lights are bright, the glasses are rattling, and the laugh from the dissipating throng is ringing. Above the doors are the words, "Palace Saloon." Take another picture. It is a magnificent building, large parlors, easy chairs, reading tables, writing tables, periodicals and libraries. Young men, middle-aged men and old men are there. Church members, church officials are there. It is a social club. On one floor is a dance-hall; on another is the library and reading-room; on

another floor are gaming-rooms; on another is a handsome buffet where meats and drinks are served. This building is a social club. It could not have been built without church members; it cannot be maintained without them. But standing again, with my boy beside me, I fear the latter more than I fear the former. My boy, your boy, will not go into the saloon, but he will follow the church man into the social club; he will matriculate in the club and graduate in the saloon. Take another picture. It is a public hall in the city. Brilliantly illuminated; the floors are waxed; the orchestra has been employed, and the dance starts at 9.30. It is a promiscuous ball. Whiskey is smelt upon the breath of every other man, and even the women have had their wine. Immodest dress, immodest positions, unholy passions. This is the public ball. Again. The building is a beautiful residence on Capitol avenue. The heads of the family are members of the church. Cards have been issued for the reception. Supper is over, the dining-room is cleared, the music starts at 10 o'clock, and the dance begins. It is a select party, a private dance, but it is a dance. Church members are dancing, church officials are looking on, but it is a dance. I stand again, with my precious daughter standing

by my side, and say, I fear the former less than I fear the latter. Our daughters matriculate in our private dance and graduate in our public balls. And our public balls are but scenes of immodesty and passion. Let us put all these worldly amusements together, and I make one statement in reference to them all, "They either do good or harm. They promote Christianity or worldliness; they gather with Christ or they scatter abroad; they are for Christ or against Christ."

Take not the advice of the devil's decoys. Be not drawn into places of death by their example. In all these matters go to the Bible for truth and go to God in prayer. "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler."

I take another method of the fowler. Standing on board of the deck of a steamer, as we left the shore, I saw a covey of long-winged graceful gulls following in the wake of the vessel, picking up and feeding upon such things as were thrown from the vessel. A gentleman, standing by, tied a bait to a long string and a little stick as a float, threw it around his head a few times, and then dashed it out into the water, and tied the end of the string to a post of the vessel. In a little while a long-winged

graceful gull flew down and swallowed the bait. Lifting himself on his wing, again he started away, but the cord soon held him fast. The man pulled it in, and we saw the gull break its wings and dishevel his feathers against the vessel. At last he fell out on the restless waves, an easy prey for anything. I said, "Ah, I see where Mr. Webster got his word 'gull.'" What is it to be gulled? You think you are going to get something and something gets you. How oft have I seen the devil's gull rope, how oft I have seen his bait. How oft I have seen the unfortunate bird fastened by the cord he could not break. I have seen the young man take his first glass. I have watched the sparkle of his eye and the flush of his cheek. I have heard the music of his laugh. As he started off it did seem as if he had found a prize. But I have seen him again, with bleared eye and bloated face, and trembling form, ruined by drink. I have had him put his arms around my neck, and look piteously into my face and say, "Oh, George, if I could quit; if I could quit." The wing of his ambition was broken; the feathers of his pride disheveled. He had fallen out on the restless waves of time, an easy prey for anything. He had bit at the devil's gull rope.

During my pastorate in the city of Chattanooga a young plasterer came to the city. Many a day, with his overalls and trowel, he had made his honest dollar, retired at night and slept the sleep of an honest man. He fell into bad company and began to play for fun, and then for funds. Finding money made at the gaming-table easier than with the trowel, he said, "Good-bye, overalls; good-bye, trowel; good-bye, honest toil." One Sabbath night, having forgotten the laws of God and the laws of men, he sat in the upper room of a saloon gambling. A dispute arose. His opponent leaped to his feet, pulled his gun and fired on the poor plasterer, who fell back dead. I looked into his face the next morning; I looked at the gaping wounds, and I said, "Poor fellow, you have bit at the devil's gull rope." Be honest, young man, be honest. Be sober, young man, be sober.

In my schoolboy days, in one of our Tennessee towns, I formed the acquaintance of a boy who was doing the rough work in a dry goods store at a small salary. He had come in from an honest country home where he had been taught to love God and to do right. He was ambitious. As he was packing goods in the rear room of the store one day, doing his

work honestly and faithfully, he said, "George, I will be a partner in this store, some day." Our lives separated. Years afterward I went back to that town. As I walked up to that store I saw my young friend's name linked with the name of the senior merchant. They were partners. We renewed our acquaintance. I spent the evening at his beautiful home. It was a model Christian home. After supper he said, "George, we have prayers early, so the little ones may not get sleepy before prayers." After family worship we went out into his beautiful yard and sat down in the moonlight on a rustic seat, for it was summer, and as I looked back at his home I laid my hand on his knee, and said, "I am glad to see you in this beautiful home. I am glad to find you a partner in that big dry goods store." He laid his hand on mine, a tear glistening in his manly eye, as he said, "Thank God, there is not a dirty shilling in that home, and we are happy in it." It takes an honest dollar to build a happy home. It takes an honest business to make a happy life. The eagle on an honest dollar turns to a nightingale, and sings to you in your restful moments. The eagle on the dishonest dollar turns to a vulture and gnaws at your conscience

in your unoccupied moments. Let us take another method.

Did you ever set a trap? I shall never forget the first trap I ever set. I had spent the night with a neighbor boy. We went early in the morning and set the trap for partridges. When we had adjusted the triggers, my companion said, "Wait, George, we must cover up this trap. There is not a bird in all the fields fool enough to go into the trap unless it is covered." We gathered weeds and stuff to cover all the timbers of the trap, and away we ran. At the appointed hour we visited our trap. As we reached the top of the hill, looking down into the hollow where we had set our trap, my companion said, excitedly, "It is down! It is down! It is down!" If you never saw your trap down, you don't know how a boy feels in such a race. When we reached the trap and pulled the grass away we cried in our mountain vernacular, "It's a pat-ridge! It's a pat-ridge! It's a pat-ridge!" Slipping his hand under the trap, he pulled out the bird with its broken wing, its scattered feathers and bleeding head. I looked upon the beautiful striped-headed bird, and saw the blood on its head, its broken wing, its disheveled feathers, and watched it looking nervously and piteously around,

hoping to regain its freedom, and my boyish heart felt in mute sympathy with the bird. In my heart I said, "I wish its wing were unbroken, its head unmarked, its feathers all right, and we could turn it loose and hear it buzz in the air once more."

Ah, I have seen that bird since then. I have seen the broken wing and the bleeding head. I have seen that covered trap. The name was covered. I have read, "Parlor Saloon," "Palace Saloon," "Daisy Saloon" and "Shamrock Saloon." The parlor is the sweetest room of the home, where we meet and greet our friends and loved ones. The daisy is the sweetest and most modest flower that blooms in the valley. The shamrock is the little three-leafed clover-like plant that grows on the Emerald Isle. It is the plant that St. Patrick plucked when he introduced Christianity. He held it up and said, "There are three persons in the Godhead, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." The three are one, the same in substance and equal in power, and gave the Irish its first grip on the Trinity. No harm in the parlor saloon; no harm in the daisy saloon; no harm in the shamrock saloon. Go in boys, go it. Look at the pictures on the wall. There is a picture of a beautiful woman standing in front of her elegant home, pluck-

ing a Marshal Neal rose from the vine that clambers about her porch. Here and there are other innocent pictures clustered among the sporting pictures. Not a single picture of the drunkard's home, or a drunkard's family, or a drunken tragedy, or a drunkard's brawl. How I should like to hang the pictures in the saloons of this country. What a group of pictures the wreckage of the saloon would make. Why hang these pictures of domestic felicity in the saloon? When did the saloon ever make a woman smile? It has made her weep, from time immemorial. When did it ever place her in the yard of a beautiful home? It has turned her out homeless. When did it ever make her pluck a flower? She has gathered only from the thorns. How I should like to uncover these saloons.

During our meeting in the city of Nashville, I said, "How I should like to uncover and to see one saloon uncovered." A friend of mine came to me, and said, "Come to me to-morrow morning, and I will show you a saloon uncovered." I went with him to the spot where he had displaced the saloon with a mission chapel. He said, "There is my lamp, look at it." On one side was, "Who hath sorrow? Who hath woe? Who hath redness of eyes?" etc. On another,

“Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.” And so each side was figured with Scriptures of warning. We walked in. The little chapel was covered with large water-color paintings, drawn life-size, upon the plastered wall. The first was a life-size picture of Sam Jones. I said, “Why, that picture?” He said, “That is the man that led me to Christ.” In another picture the women were rolling barrels and demijohns out, while the angels were waving victory. I said, “What is that?” He replied, “That is the picture of the W. C. T. U. women rolling the infernal stuff out of the land, and Heaven rejoicing.” Fight on, good women. Pray on, toil on. She who was accused of being the originator of sin has been the originator of every great reform movement. Another picture on the wall was that of a man, laying sprawling on the floor, with the blood gushing from his heart. Above him stood a man with a bloody knife in his hand, with a demon’s face. I said, “What is that, my friend?” He replied, “That is a tragedy that occurred in this saloon.” And on we went through these awful pictures till we came to the last. It was a poor, ragged, forlorn-looking fellow with a great serpent coiled around him. I said, “What is that?” He replied, “That is the poor

drunkard in the coils of the awful serpent." "Ah," said I, "My friend, if every saloon in this country should have the real pictures of its work upon its walls, our young men would run from them." If I could uncover the saloons of this country I could deprive them of their patronage. If I could go to the ball-room, with its gay laughter and music and brilliant lights, and show to the young girls the hellish passions that rage, they would cover their faces in their hands and run to their mothers' arms for protection. If I could go to the theater and uncover the sins and lives of the performers, and show things up like God sees them, I could depopulate the theaters of this country. The devil covers his traps. Brother, sister, if you would be delivered from the traps of the devil, keep close to the bleeding side of Christ. "He is able to deliver thee." The last method I take, briefly, is that of the net.

In Tennessee we have a method of catching birds in nets. The net has a big end and a little end. It is so with all the devil's snares. There are long wings to the net extending on each side. Birds are driven in coveys. Only birds that go in coveys are netted. People go in coveys, so to speak. There are crowds of young people in this city that belong to the clubs,

that belong to the dancing circles, and that belong to the gaming circles. They go in groups. They have a leader. There are groups of young people who hear my voice to-night; if we get the leader to become a Christian, he could lead the whole group with him, but the hardest work of my ministry has been to get into these circles, the social club circle, the social card circle. Did you ever see a covey of birds going toward the net? Birds are caught on a rainy day, a drizzly day and a cloudy day. Many a company of young people have been started toward the net on a drizzly day. Many a boy has taken his first drink; many a one has played his first game of cards on such days. I have seen the bird when he was first touching the wing of the net, stop for a moment and apparently look up, and I have thought I could hear him say, "The ground is still beneath my feet, and the sky is still above me. I can run and I can fly." But on he goes, until he is in the net, and I see him look again. "There is net above me, and net beneath me and net on every side of me, but," says he, "I will get out further along." And on he goes, until he flutters and falls in the little end of the net. I have seen a young man touching the wings of the net in his first drink. I have heard him say,

"The sky is still above me, and the ground is still beneath me. I can run and I can fly. I will not become a drunkard. I can quit." I have seen him when the net of habit was all about him. I have heard him say, "I will quit. I will get out further on." I have seen him lying in the meshes of the little end of the net, helpless.

Brother, if the sky is still above you to-night, fly. If the ground is still beneath you, run. If you are not tied by the habits of drink, by the habit of gaming, by lustful habits, in God's name I bid you fly to-night. Lift yourself upon the wing of your will and fly to God.



THE WORLD'S BID FOR A MAN

Daniel i : 8. "But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the King's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."

It is not my purpose, at this hour, to preach a temperance sermon. I have selected this text from which to preach a sermon on "Christian Character." The text gives a moment in a great man's life; a moment of decision; a moment upon which depended his after life. A few minutes have been all the time required for the destruction of many a character. It takes years to build a character, but only a few moments to destroy it.

Every life is made up of crises, made up of decisions as to right and wrong, the proper and improper course to take. The road of life forks every few steps. Where you are to-day, my brother, depends upon what road you took where it forked. My text puts a great man in the forks of a road, with simply the right calling him in one direction, and almost every premium offered for a human character calling him in the other.

It is impossible to appreciate Daniel's actions with-

out a knowledge of the precise circumstances under which he acted. Circumstances have much to do with our actions.

Among the Judean hills was a walled city, the only city on the earth where the true God was worshiped and His ordinances observed. Here His peculiar people were gathered; here was their temple, and in this city their services. Far away, on a spur of tertiary rock, projecting over the plain of the Assyrian desert into the rich valley of the Mesopotamia rested another city, the greatest that the pride of man has ever built. A wall 300 feet high, 80 feet broad, and from fifty to sixty miles long, surrounded this wonderful city, which seemed more like a civic empire than a city. Within this was the great palace of the king. It was like a city itself, seven miles around. On the walls of the palace were painted vast hunting scenes, and its gardens rose one above another like a succession of mountains. The most remarkable structure in the great city was the wonderful temple of Bel, which was supposed to have stood 600 feet in the air. "Neither Carnac, in Egyptian Thebes, Byzantine St. Sophia, nor Gothic Clugny, nor St. Peter's of Rome have reached the grandeur of this primeval sanctuary, casting its shadows far and

wide over the city and plain.” Within this wonderful city there was an ancient social literary splendor corresponding to the physical grandeur of the city. Magnificent cavalry, careering through the streets, “horses, chariots, horsemen in companies, long roll of officials clad in splendid costumes of scarlet, with their elaborate armor, buckler shields and helmets, their bows and quivers, judges, treasurers, counselors.” Under the walls of this great city ran the river Euphrates, which distributed itself in various directions, adding much to the wondrous beauty of the city. From out this wondrous city went its ruler with all his gorgeous army. Toward Jerusalem they go. They tear down its walls, they spoil its temple, capture its golden vessels, and select from this conquered people the flower of the nation—bright young men and beautiful young women, the architects, musicians, artisans—and lead them as trophies of their victory toward Babylon. Look upon this company of young Hebrews, the brightest and best of this wondrous people. See them as they stand on the Judean hill overlooking their ruined city; see the patriotic tear fall from their cheek, and hear them mumble, “Oh, Jerusalem, if I ever forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue

cleave to the roof of my mouth." See them again as they come into the valley of the Mesopotamia, and see the great temple erected to the heathen gods, lifting itself in the air from out of the heathen city of Babylon. See them as they approach this great wall, pass through her gates captives to a heathen nation. See this little group as it gathers on the banks of the Euphrates river. Watch the curious Babylonians gather to gaze upon them. Hear them shout at them, "Play for us on your instruments, sing for us a native song." See the tear upon their faces as the melancholy words fall from their quivering lips, "How shall we sing the songs of our God in a strange land?" Some one has described the loneliness of this little group "a slowly dying brand on a deserted hearth; or to a pelican, standing by a desolate pool, pensively leaning its bill against its breast; or to a moping owl haunting some desolate ruin, or to a solitary thrush, pouring forth its melancholy note on the house-top apart from its fellows, or to the ever-lengthening shadows of the evening, or to a blade of grass withered by the sun."

Among this sad group of captives was the hero of my text. As he stands in this group of captives, his native city in ruins, among strangers, in a strange

city, with a strange religion, how dark the future seems to look to him. In the midst of this gloom a bright day comes to Daniel. The message of the king comes to him, a message that he has been selected as a candidate for one of the officers of the king's court; as a candidate to become an inmate of the wonderful palace of the king. How this call must have thrilled him. As this wonderful position, so full of hope and light, so full of honor and glory opened up before him, how his ambitious young heart must have leaped with joy. See him as he steps up the marble steps of the palace, in the presence of which he had stood before as a slave. Now he walks up to become an officer of the palace. See him as he is conducted to his magnificent apartments in the palace. Watch the light upon his long saddened face as he takes in the gorgeous surroundings into which he has been called. Before he has properly adjusted himself to his surroundings the dinner hour of the king has arrived. and Daniel is presented with a portion of the king's dinner. The meat which he ate and the wine which he drank was set before him. Here Daniel meets the crisis of his life. This meat violates his religion. It is an unclean beast, it has been strangled, it has been offered to idols. The

king's wine violates his religion. Daniel is in the palace as a candidate for office, to be accepted or rejected later. The king's meat and the king's wine lie along the road of his acceptance. But to eat the meat and drink the wine violates the religion of his fathers. Here is where the road forks. As Daniel looks upon this violation of his religion, he looked also upon the glory and the honor awaiting him in the palace. He put his foot down—purposed in his heart, and expressed his purpose—maintained his purpose. He said, "I will not defile myself with the king's meat and the king's wine." My friend, many a time in your life you have come to this very point, where the right lay on one side, where the purple of office, the feast of royal society, the ease of the palace, the pleasures of high society, high social life, the wealth of office, the example of the great, lay on the other. Perhaps there was but little to call you from the side of the right, perhaps there was much; perhaps you have stood, perhaps you have not. Where you are to-night has been determined by what you did when you stood in the crisis of life. I do not believe that there is any element of manhood or womanhood comparable to that which we express in the word "purpose." An everlasting, invincible deter-

mination to do or not to do. Of all the elements of character contributing to genuine manhood and bringing the greatest success in life, brain or brawn, luck or pluck, learning or genius, I believe that uncompromising purpose, to be or not to be, to do or not to do, to have or not to have, is an element of character outweighing all the others. Never did the devil make a stronger bid than he makes for Daniel, and never did a young man make a nobler fight. Hear the devil's first proposition. Daniel, you are in a strange land, the walls of your native city are broken down, the temple is in ruins, no longer they worship at Jerusalem as aforetime, you stand under the great shadow of the heathen temple, surrounded by the pageantry of the heathen nation, you are invited as a courtier in a heathen palace, why hesitate on your religion? Many a time, young man, has the devil made such a proposition to you, and doubtless many of you have listened to his weird argument far away from the home in which you were reared, and far from the old family altar at which you kneeled in boyhood; away from mother's eye and mother's voice, in a strange city, surrounded by strange companions, that have said, "Come on;" and you followed in the pleasures that violated your own

Christian home, dishonored your mother and offended your God. Sometime ago I was in the city of New York. I was sitting in my room at the hotel when there was a nervous rap at my door. On opening the door I found an old Tennessee friend, a Methodist steward. He was delighted to see me, and said he was in New York purchasing goods. After a hurried greeting he said, "George, I was delighted when I saw your name upon the hotel register. I said to my wife, who came with me to New York, 'there is not a man on earth that would enjoy a good theater more than George Stuart. I am going to get tickets for three to one of the best to-night, and have him go with us. He is not much known in New York city, and it need not be known at home that he ever went.'" I said, "My friend, there are four who will know me, and I have more respect for two of them, as far as I am concerned, than for all the people in the city of New York." "Who?" said he. I said, "You and your good wife will know me, and God and George Stuart will know me. I should not, for the world, have my Heavenly Father see me do a thing like that; I would not, for the world, have George Stuart see me do it; I never could respect him afterward." A man is never better at heart at home

than he is away from home; a man who is not religious everywhere, is not truly religious anywhere; a man who is dependent on persons and surroundings for his proper conduct, has no Christian character. A Christian character is as loyal in the dark as in the light, as loyal at home as abroad, as loyal when only the burning eye of God is upon him as when the searching critical gaze of all mankind is upon him. He is a Christian from principle, and not from fear of criticism or from policy. It is said that when James Harper, of the firm of Harper Brothers, left his old-fashioned home to go to the city of New York that his good old mother followed him to the wagon, for he went in a wagon, as did a great many other of New York's great men. With her kiss still warm upon his lips, she said, "James Harper, you are going to a strange city. Remember, your mother's blood is in your veins, and don't you disgrace it." And it is said of him, in all his great career, he never forgot his mother; never forgot his mother's God. There are only two of the Ten Commandments that are specifically emphasized. One is, "the one that commands our reverence for God, and the other our love and reverence for our parents." "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for He will not

hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.” “Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land thy God giveth thee.” Find me a man who does not honor God, his father and mother, and I will find you a character with nothing to build on. The bottom is out; the foundation is gone; but, as long as there is a sweet abiding love and reverence for father and mother and a reverence for the great God who made him, however vile the man may be, there is hope for him. Young man, where’er you go, however far you may get from the old home, and from father and mother and the old family altar, do not forget them; do not dishonor them; don’t defile yourself with the things that violate the religion of your father and mother. Hear the devil’s next bid for Daniel.

Daniel, there is honor in this. This is the road that leads to the official rank in the palace. You cannot afford to hesitate when great political preferment is at stake.* How many men have sold out their God, their father and mother, the honor of their old home and their own character, to be elected to some political office. Oh, the political intrigue of our age, the political corruption of our age; a great whirlpool, in which some of our brightest characters are plunged.

Many noble men have entered politics, but fewer aged politicians stand up by the law of their God, the law of their father and mother. We have a few great statesmen who, like Gladstone, of England, and a few such names in America, have spurned the tricks of politics, executed their offices as a great trust from God, who stand among the honored men of the earth, living or dead; but where is the great politician, according to the common acceptance of that term, who has not turned from the right for his own political good or glory? How we need statesmen like Daniel, like the man "who kept his station in the greatest of revolutions, reconciling policy and religion, business and devotion, magnanimity and humility, authority and affability, conversation and retirement, interest and integrity, Heaven and the court, the favor of God and the favor of the king." Thank God we have men still left among us who have the courage to refuse office gotten by intrigue and the honors bestowed by trickery, but some of our greedy old political hogs will take whatever slops their political henchmen pour into their trough. Would to God the manhood of America would rise up and consign them to an everlasting retirement. Any man who will take an office secured by bribery, will

take a bribe; any man who will take a bribe, ought to be made to take the pen. He who will buy a vote if you give him his price, will sell one; he who will sell a vote will sell a principle, for a vote represents a principle; he who will sell one principle will sell them all, and he who will sell out his principles is an infamous scoundrel. If you want to know my opinion of a man who deals with the American ballot as with merchandise, put the first and last expressions in the above together, and you have it.

It was a great bid the devil made when he spread out before captive Daniel the honors and the office of the king's court in the king's palace. But the devil makes another bid to Daniel. Daniel, it is customary for young men who are candidates for the king's court to eat of the king's meat and drink of the king's wine. Oh, the customs of the people. Oh, the chains of fashion. Where is there a man or woman who can stand up and go clear against the customs of society?

We are unconscious of our fearful slavery to custom. Custom makes a modest, pure girl feel at ease at the public reception under the burning gaze of lustful eyes, with her arms and shoulders and neck and chest exposed. If she were accidentally ex-

posed, under any other circumstances, she would be shocked almost to nervous prostration. Custom makes some girls feel at ease in the arms of a comparative stranger whirling on the ball-room floor, when, if the same position would be attempted in her private parlor, she would scream. Custom takes decent people into the theater when the lewdest women are often performers. If by mistake, these very parties should find themselves in a house with similar characters, they would run out like they were rushing from a burning building. Make anything custom and it goes. Ah, I like to see a character stop facing a custom that is bad, a custom that is wrong and a custom that corrupts; how I like to see a character put the foot down and say, "No." Say it so that Heaven and hell and all the earth can hear it. "No, it is wrong, and I will not do it. Though all of the royal line pursue this course, I will be captive in Babylon forever before I yield." Foolish social customs have wrecked many a character.

A young man in a Massachusetts town some years ago, the son of a drunkard, displayed ambition and talent in a youths' debating club of his town. Some one said to him, "Henry, you ought to make a man of yourself." He replied, "I have no chance."

"But," said this friend, "go join the Sons of Temperance, be sober yourself and make a man." He took the advice, he took the vows, and year by year he grew as a man. He was entrusted with a message to Mr. Adams at the Capitol of the United States. Mr. Adams, knowing of the young man, and from what he sprung, treated him with great consideration, and said to him, "I desire you shall meet some of the great men of your nation, and to-morrow you shall dine with me and with them." They were at the table, young Henry at the seat of honor, and a number of great men at the table. Wine was upon the table. Mr. Adams essayed to drink with young Henry. A blush mantled his cheek, and in a manly way he said, "Mr. Adams, you must excuse me, sir; I have a vow that prevents me taking wine." Mr. Adams sat his glass upon the table, and said, "There will be no wine drunk at this table to-day," and every glass was pushed to the center. Young Henry might have said, "It is not often that I am in a place like this. It is not often that I am thrown with the great men of my nation. I am but an humble fellow, I cannot set customs for these great men. I will follow them to-day. But no, however humble, however insignificant, however surrounded I may be, I do not

propose to surrender my manhood or my character. I do not propose to let the custom of great men destroy my vow." He said, "No." He said it so that United States Congressmen heard it, the daily papers noticed it the next morning. He said it so that the whole world has heard it. In after years he himself became one of the greatest men of the nation, and sat down in the Vice-President's chair of the United States. And no cleaner or nobler character ever occupied that chair than Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts. How I love the man who can stand in the face of a wrong custom, even among the great, and say, "No."

During my last year at Emory and Henry College a strange preacher preached in the college chapel. We were delighted with his sermon. It seemed to me a masterpiece. I inquired who he was, and learned that he was an old student of Emory and Henry College, and I sought more definite information. One of the old professors, who was his teacher in his schoolboy days, gave me this little incident.

"That boy was the son of a widow," said he, "who lived a few miles from Emory and Henry College. For several years he was the bell-boy of the college, ringing the bell for his college expenses. His mother

sent his provisions from home, and he ate them in his room. Month after month he struggled along through difficulty, until he had completed his college course. The day of his graduation drew near. He visited the old home, and invited his mother to witness his graduation. He was a contestant for the Robertson Oratorical Medal, a contest which has been a feature of the college commencements at Emory and Henry for almost half a century. It had been the custom among the boys for the winner of this medal to present it to his best girl, which gave the medal an additional interest. The speeches for the prize were made on the day before the commencement. A great audience heard them. On the day of the commencement the diplomas and the medals were awarded. The old mother of the bellman was present, taking a humble seat at the rear of the great auditorium, clad in her homespun clothing and with her plain sunbonnet. She was there to see her boy graduate. When the graduation speeches had been made and the diplomas awarded, the last trial scene of the commencement had come, the hour for the awarding of medals. When the moment came for the awarding of the Robertson prize, it was always awarded last, every one in the great pavilion was on

the *qui vive*. The gentleman entrusted with the duty of awarding this medal walked on the platform with the beautiful gold medal dangling at the end of the ribbon, which hung on his forefinger. He made proper remarks about what vim and pluck and push could do, and at the conclusion of his speech said, 'If S. B. will come forward, I shall take pleasure in presenting to him this medal which he has so faithfully won.' It was the bellman. He stepped forward, received the medal, and turned his face to the great audience. Every eye was upon him. They waited in breathless silence to see what he would do with it. He walked down the long aisle to the last seat, slipped the blue ribbon over the sunbonnet, and said, 'Mother, you wear this. You are worthy of it, for without you I never could have won it.' " It was well in a moment like that for every one in that great pavilion to contribute a tear in honor of an act so brave, so noble, so appropriate. When I heard that, I said, "Thank God for a young man who, in the supreme moment like that, can knock a custom into a cocked hat, and do the right thing, not because custom says so, but because it is right." How many young men and young women over this country forget old mother, forget aged father, forget home, forget to

honor the loved ones at home, but how few forget to keep up with the little conventionalities of society. In keeping with custom a young man never forgets to lift his hat in the presence of a young lady, but often forgets to lift the burden from dear old mother's heart. He never fails to make a proper bow to a stranger, but he often fails to make a fire for mother. He never fails to give kind words in keeping with the little of social life, but how oft he forgets these same immunities at the home circle. I would not make your kind words less to the world, but I would have them oftener at home. I would not make your bows less frequent in polite society. I would not have you drop any of the immunities of polite society, but, if need be, I would have you break every law of common courtesy if it were necessary to obey the laws of God, and honor your father and mother.

Daniel did not forget Jerusalem. He did not forget his father nor his mother. He did not forget God. He did not yield to the custom of the palace, though it were to eat the king's meat and to drink the king's wine. But the devil makes another strong bid for Daniel.

Hear it. Daniel, all the rest eat the king's meat and drink the king's wine. You are the only one

that refuses it. It is hard to turn from the multitude. It is hard to break the magic circle of companionship. It is hard to stop when others go on, and it is hard to go on when others stop. It is hard to stand alone anywhere. In my boyhood days I lived on a farm in Hawkins county. Adjoining the farm where I lived was a Presbyterian family, noble father, remarkable mother, and a large, interesting family of children. This mother died while we lived neighbors to the family. What an impression her good life made upon the community! What an impression it made upon my tender boyhood! She said to her sons, "Do not go into places where your presence there would be a reproach on your mother." A few years ago, after almost a quarter of a century had passed since her death, I was stationed as pastor in the city of Chattanooga. A son of this good woman held a State office in the city. One of the highest officials of the State, with his political friends and this young man, were walking down the leading street in the city, when it was proposed to enter a saloon. They all turned in, but my friend stopped. He said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I cannot go in." In the face of all their urgent pleas he simply said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I cannot go in." He said to me after-

ward, "I never have gone, since my mother's death, into a place where my presence would be a reproach to her good name." How I like to see a man, though he has been twenty-five years away from his old home, though the gate in the yard fence is rotted down, though the farm is in the hands of another, though the ashes of father and mother are mouldering in the grave, how I love to see a young man stop and say, "No, I cannot go." Stop, if there be two; stop, if there be three; stop, if there be twenty, and say, "Go on." It takes a man to do that.

Young man, hear this to-night. You can never climb to where God would have you stand until you learn to go alone.

But the devil makes another bid for Daniel. Hear this bid. How subtle, how powerful, and how many thousands it has captured! Daniel, there is money in it. You are a poor captive in a strange city, but as an officer of the palace of the king, the king's treasury is at your command to supply your wants and to furnish your luxuries. Your wardrobe comes from the king's treasury, your food comes down from the king's table. The financial question will be settled when you get to be officer of the king. One of the earliest lessons I learned from my old reader was

the rustic proverb, "Money makes the mare go." Do you see these two silver dollars I hold in each of my hands? When I hold them out at arm's length from me they have little to do with my vision. I can see this brother here, I can see the Bible, and I can see my mother. But look again. When I bring them thus close to my eyes they shut off my vision. I cannot see the brother here, I cannot see the Bible, I cannot see my mother. I warn you, my brother, do not let the dollar get too close to you. The question of the business world to-day is not, "Is it right?" but "Will it pay?" It is not, "Is it according to God's Word?" but "Is it profitable?" There are few things that are not sold for money to-day. A man who is swallowed up by his bank, or by his merchandise, or by office work, so that he cannot take time to have family prayers, or give proper religious instruction to his children, that man puts his little children on the block and sells them off for money. That man who cannot take time from his business to spend a quiet, social and religious hour with his wife at home, puts his wife on the block, and sells her off for money. That man who would run a building for unholy purposes or in unholy business, puts his character and his soul on the block and sells them off for money.

That man or woman who would pursue any unholy business of life for monetary considerations, puts his or her own soul on the block and barter it off for money. How few there are to-day who stand up flat-footed on God's Word and absolutely refuse to engage in anything, however much money there is in it, which in the least violates God's command. How many men to-day have even a frivolous excuse for pursuing unholy business on the Sabbath day? Business mail is read and considered, business conversation and thoughts indulged in, drug stores, livery stables, ice markets, fruit stands, cigar stands—almost every kind of traffic carried on, even by church members, on God's holy day with the frivolous and false excuse that it is a necessity. Preaching in a Tennessee city sometime ago, I said, "It is better to run a dray and sell meat and meal and flour and hay on God's holy day, than to open the drug store and sell tobacco and cigars and soda water. The former things are necessities, but the latter things are doubtful luxuries, and just as a necessity is better than a doubtful luxury on God's day, so the groceryman who sells meat and flour and meal and hay is better in his morals than he who opens the drug store and sells cigars and tobacco and soda water." As I said this

a leading official in the Baptist church heard it. He walked down to his drug store, and said to his clerks, "Hereafter there will be nothing sold in this drug store on Sunday except medicine on a prescription." I said again in the same sermon, "It is better to plow and reap and sow on God's day than to run the average livery stable, for plowing and reaping and sowing are innocent and useful employments, but buggy driving, as conducted by the young men and young women of this country, is not a doubtful luxury, but an immoral pastime. And he who runs the livery stable open to promiscuous hire on God's holy day, not only violates God's holy law in doing unnecessary work on the Sabbath, but he absolutely contributes to the damnation of the children of this country." An old member of the Methodist church, who owned a large livery stable, was present. He walked down to his stable and said to his hands, "Boys, hereafter we will do no business on God's holy day. You can go home and go to church with your families." And he closed his livery stable, and that livery stable, to my personal knowledge, has been closed tight and fast on Sunday for ten years. A short time ago I met the gentleman, and I said to him, "How is your business?" And he said, "George, thank God, I

have shown the world that a man can run even a livery stable according to God's law." My dear brother, whenever you make up your mind to be a Christian man, made out of the right kind of stuff, you will put your foot down and say, "Whatever cannot be run according to God's law will not be run by me." Oh, for a nation of people that cannot be sold on the marts of the world like hogs! Oh, for a manhood that will stand for the right because it is right! A man who cannot be bribed. Oh, for a man like Daniel, who can stand and look the world, the flesh and the devil in the face, and say, "No." "I will not violate my religion, I will not disgrace my father and mother, I will not offend my God." "I will not defile myself even with the king's meat or the king's drink." It matters not if Jerusalem lies in ruins among her Judean hills, while I am surrounded by the pageantry of Babylon, it matters not if this gate opens into political honors of the king, it matters not if in this I am following the customs of the great, it matters not if in this I am going with the throng and not seem odd, it matters not if in this I shall get the wealth of the world; still my foot goes down, and I say it so Heaven and earth and hell can hear it, "No, I will not defile myself."

My character is above a king, my character is above the customs of a palace, my character is above the purples of political honor, my character is more than the company of the throng about me, my character means more than gold, I will not defile myself. Thank God for the man. I go back a long ways in history to get him, but it is worth a journey to ancient Babylon to find a man like this. I never read of this wonderful character that I do not, deep in my heart, long to be a man. But Daniel does not eat the meat nor drink the wine. What becomes of the act? In all ages of the world God has taken care of the man who has taken care of God's law. God has stood by the man that has stood by his word. God has never forsaken the man who never forsook his God. Daniel, though apparently turning his back on everything, turned his back on nothing. Though willing to surrender everything for his religion, surrendered nothing. God has never asked any man to give up anything of permanent merit to become a Christian. Daniel was selected by the king, and through four dynasties he was the first man—the honored man. He was honored in the heathen government, honored in the heathen palace, honored in the heathen state; hon-

ored of God and honored of man, but envied by the weak. And those who envied him watched him day in and day out to find a flaw in his great character, but no flaws could be found. At last they said, we shall have to accuse him on account of his religion, and their nefarious scheme was plotted. They go to the haughty king and ask him to sign a document which forbade that any man pray to any God, save to the king, for thirty days, under the penalty of being cast into the cavern of the wild lions. Now, when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed, and gave thanks to God as he did aforetime. What a wonderful moment in this man's life, when he reads his own doom in the law of the king, and then walks deliberately to the open window, which he knows is guarded by his enemies. He kneels down and prays as calmly as if there were no lions' den or king's law, nor guarding enemy. Daniel is reported to the king, and the king is sorrowful, for he honored this noble young man, but according to the law which could not be changed, Daniel was taken to the cave, not cowering, not downcast, but he walked

toward the lions' den like a man. They had put many a skulking, cowardly criminal into the lions' den, but this was the first man they had ever led thither. When they had thrown him into the cavern they listened to hear the lions tear him, but they heard not a noise. The great God had gone before, and with an omnipotent hand, that had made the lions' frame, he stroked their heads and ordered them to lie down in peace and wait the coming of His servant. When the hour for evening prayer came, Daniel, as he walked in darkness in the cavern, no doubt studied for a moment, reckoned directions and made up his mind which way Jerusalem stood, kneeled down with his face toward Jerusalem and prayed to his God as aforetime. What a picture to the doubting old world to see Daniel, before the king's decree, in the face of the lions' den, kneeling before the open window toward Jerusalem! What a picture to see this man in the dark cavern, surrounded by fierce lions, but in the pavilion of the great eternal God, kneeling in the darkness with his face toward the ruined walls of Jerusalem! At the hour for retirement, perhaps Daniel pillowed his head on the shaggy mane of the lion over whose mouth rested the hand of his God and slept sweetly

through the night. Before the dawn of the morning the king was early at the cave, half suspecting that God would be with such a man, and down into the mouth of the cave he cried, "Oh, Daniel, is that God whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee?" And Daniel answered, "Oh, King, live forever. He is able." Thank God, He is able. No fiery furnace can burn where God says, "Thou shalt not burn." No hungry lions can devour where God says, "Thou shalt not devour." When God says, "I will be with thee," that means that He will be with us, for us, whatever our actions demand of Him. Brother, do not fear to throw your life on the great arm of God; to throw your business and your all on the great arm of God, and fear not the world, fear not man, fear not the devil, only fear God and do right.



“THE PHASES OF A GREAT MAN’S LIFE.”

Matthew xxvi : 58. “But Peter followed Him afar unto the high priest’s palace, and went in and sat with the servants, to see the end.”

I have read you a text that has been used from time immemorial as a whip to scourge backsliders. A text introducing the scene bringing out the weak place in a single day’s experience of a great man’s life. It is true that straws tell which way the wind blows; one act is often an index to the life, but as a rule it is unfair to pick out the darkest day and the darkest hour of any man’s life as an index to his character. If I were to confine myself closely to my text, and preach from it as men ordinarily preach from texts of Scripture, I might divide it as follows. First, the fact that Peter followed his Lord; second, the way in which he followed Him—“afar off;” third, the purpose for which he followed Him—“to see the end.” But I purpose in this hour to take a broader view of this great character than a single verse can give, to take a fairer view than a single day’s transactions will give. The Bible is a faithful biography, it does not give a tombstone ac-

count of any character. It brings out the dark and the bright, the good and the bad, it gives us the man. No character in the book has interested me more than the character of St. Peter. I read the whole New Testament through in search of all the facts concerning this man, who at one moment said unto his Lord, "Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended; though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee," and at another began he to curse and to swear, saying, "I know not the man;" who at one moment said, "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee both unto prison and unto death," and at another "followed Him afar off;" who at one moment, with sword in hand, met "a great multitude with sword and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people, and struck a servant of the high priest's and smote off his ear," and at another cowered before the maid who saw him and said unto them that were there, "This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth."

Who at one moment, "arraigned before the rulers and elders and scribes, and Annas, the high priest, and Caiphas, and John and Alexander, and as many as were of the kindred of the high priest," in the great city of Jerusalem and commanded "not to

“speak at all, nor teach in the name of Jesus,” answered and said unto them, “Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than to hearken unto God judge ye, for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.” And at another moment, when they said, “Thou also art one of them, for thy speech betrayeth thee,” he began to curse and to swear, saying, “I know not the man.” Who at one moment, standing before the multitude on the day of Pentecost preached a sermon, that “when they heard this they were pricked in their hearts, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, ‘Men and brethren, what shall we do?’ ” and the same day there were added unto them 3,000 souls. At another, standing alone in the darkness weeping bitterly over his cowardice. At one moment a great preacher, leading 3,000 souls to Christ in one hour, and at another a simple Galilean fisherman, dragging his net through the blue waters.

Who is this queer man? What is he? As I go back over my own life I can find a day here and there when I performed deeds that I would be ashamed to recite before this audience. I can find in there days in which I have performed deeds which, to recite them, would bring upon me the accusation

of boasting. I have dark hours in my life, I have rough places in my life. Who has not? Don't pick out the darkest day of my life, my brother, and call that George Stuart. Don't pick out the meanest, weakest thing I ever did, and make that the key to my life work. Take me from the cradle to the grave, that is my life. Take me in my sins, take me at the altar, take me in the shout of salvation, take me in my weakest moment, take me in my strongest, take me in my worst deed, take me in my best, take my life. Our lives are made up of epochs.

David, overcoming the champion of the camp of the Philistines, and being overcome by the beautiful Bathsheba, presents a painful contrast of strength and weakness. Yet there are few lives in which there are not these contrasts. Let us to-day take an impartial, honest view of this great man. There are two great preachers of the early church who seem to rise like mountain peaks above all others. These two are Peter and Paul. In the Acts of the Apostles they seem to be taken as great examples to illustrate to the world the work of the Apostles. St. Peter, a fisherman; St. Paul, a learned doctor; St. Peter, called by His Master from earth, and St. Paul, called by his Lord from Heaven. St. Peter, who

denied his Lord, and St. Paul who persecuted Him; St. Peter, the central figure of the first twelve chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, and St. Paul, the central figure of the last sixteen; St. Peter, the man of great heart, great impulse and great energy, and St. Paul, the man of a great head and wonderful equanimity. How I love to study these two great characters, through both of whom the Holy Spirit wrought such wonderful things. But I ask you to-day to come with me in the study of the character of St. Peter. There were three distinct epochs in his life. Peter, the Galilean fisherman, before he met his Lord; Peter, the disciple of Jesus, from the day he forsook his net on Galilee until he received the Holy Spirit on Pentecost, and Peter from Pentecost until his death.

As a Galilean fisherman his very occupation was conducive of purity, innocence and gentleness. It was the life from which St. John, the gentle, sweet-spirited disciple came, and Peter was his genial companion. As they watched the waters of the Galilean sea play through the meshes of their net, as they lay upon the bank or sat in their Galilean homes, there was little to corrupt or vitiate them. They came from an innocent life. The cursing and swearing

referred to in the language of Peter was not the reckless, careless profanity that falls from the lips of our modern blasphemers, but it was emphasis given to his affirmation in the form of an oath, with the penalty of a curse. It was a great day when "Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, 'We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought Him to Jesus.'" It was a great day when St. Peter first looked upon his Lord. It was a great day when Jesus first looked upon Simon Peter. It was not a casual look that his Master gave him, but a look in which the eyes of his Lord went through and through him, searching every avenue of his heart, every element of his character. It was not an accidental sentence that fell from his Master's lips when first He looked upon this great man. He said, "Thou art Simon, son of Jonah; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone." Christ looked at the great character before Him and saw that there was rock in him. It was the Master's decision of his character. Though Peter returned to his fishing boat, he did not forget the one whom he had met. It was a glad day when his eyes rested upon his Lord approaching the shore where they were

mending their nets. It was not an accidental journey that Christ made. His steps toward the boat of Peter were not accidental steps. The fact that He stepped into Peter's boat, when the boat of the other was lying nearby, was not accident. He said unto Peter, "Row out a little ways," that He might be separated from the great throng. While he stood in Peter's boat and talked to the great throng there was not a more earnest listener in all of that number than the man who sat at his feet. His sermon completed, as if to pay for the use of his pulpit and teach a great lesson simultaneously, He said unto Simon, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draft." And Simon answered, and said unto Him, "Master, we have toiled all the night and taken nothing. Nevertheless, at Thy word, I will let down the net." It seems that Jesus took hold of the net to help them, for the next verse reads, "And when they had thus done they inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net broke, and they began calling to their partners, who were in the other ship, to come and help them. And they came, and filled both ships so that they began to sink." Though the fishermen had toiled all night and had caught nothing, Peter was so impressed by the wonderful

words of the man that stood in his boat and talked to the people, that he was willing to hang his net on the words of his Master and let it down. As the great pile of fishes floundered upon the shore, to the astonishment of all, Christ looked upon them and then looked upon Simon. Jesus said unto him, "Simon, fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men." Think you that this was merely a curious freak of our Lord? Think you that this was only to make a display of His wonderful power? Ah, my brother, I see in this a wonderful prophesy, I see in this as one of the miracles a wonderful lesson. Simon, as you have hung the business of your life upon My word, and had this wonderful success, that has astonished you all, now hang your life on Me, and I will give you the success in catching men that you have witnessed in your secular profession this day. Look at this little picture and then look at St. Peter hanging upon the words of his Lord, "tarry ye at Jerusalem." Look at him as he stands in Jerusalem, pulling the Gospel net with 3,000 souls. Think you not that this was but a prophesy of our Lord of his coming success? I believe that, as Christ saw the rock in his character and called him Cephas, so Christ saw the success in his life, which

He pictured in this wonderful draft of fishes. "And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all and followed Him." We now look upon this man no longer as a Galilean fisherman, but as a disciple following his Lord. He was a born leader. Some one has said that he who is content to go behind, God never made to go before. If a dozen men start out from this city on any expedition whatever, without organization, twenty-four hours would not elapse until some man would be in the lead. It would be the born leader. Peter was the spokesman. As you read the Gospels through you will be struck with this fact that when Christ put a question to the disciples the record is, "and Peter answered," "and Peter answered," "and Peter answered." When Christ put the general question to the disciples, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" they said, "Some say that thou art John the Baptist, and some Elias, and some Jeremiah or one of the prophets," but when He put the test question to them, "Whom say ye that I am?" and "*Simon Peter answered* and said, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.'"

The people regarded him as the leader, and "when they were come to Capernaum they that received

tribute money came to Peter, and said, 'Doth not your Master pay tribute?' "

The disciples regarded him as the leader. After the resurrection in the dark hour Peter's mind turned back to the net, to the boat, and Peter saith unto them, "I go a fishing." And they say unto him, "We also go with thee." When Peter turned every man with him followed. He was an honest doubter seeking the truth. I have a sympathy with an honest doubter if he is seeking the truth, but a superficial egotist who has read a few volumes of infidel literature, a few novels and a little poetry here and there, and a few scattering chapters of Scripture, and with a self-complacent air turns his back upon the preacher, upon the Bible, upon religious literature and calls himself an infidel is, of all characters, most contemptible to me.

The doubt in the mind of an honest man is a pick in the hand of an honest geologist. He will dig for truth, and God will hear the sound of his pick and come to him sooner or later.

Paul was such a character, and God spake to him from the heavens. The eunuch was such a character, and when his earnestness arose to such a height as that he read along the highway, God called Philip

out of a great revival and sent him to his chariot to give him instruction. Cornelius was such a man, and God sent an angel to tell him where he could find a man to give him instruction. An honest doubter seeking for truth, such a character was Simon the fisherman. When Christ was walking on the sea and His astonished disciples stood and gazed at Him, they were all troubled and cried out for fear. Jesus said, "It is I, be not afraid." They were all silent, but Peter answered Him, and said, "Lord, if it be Thee, bid me come to Thee on the water." How natural that Peter should be the one to test the matter; it was his nature to test. And He said, "Come." And when Peter saw the wind boisterous he was afraid and began to sink, and he cried, saying, "Lord, save me." And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, "Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" It seems that Christ Himself, at times, become a little impatient with his doubts, but the earnestness of the man won the Master's sympathy. Christ rarely answered questions of simple curiosity. He usually turned them off by some other question or by some reproof, but He never turned Peter away. What a help it would have been to

Peter's faith to have walked upon the water, what a test of the Master's divinity. But as He went out of the temple one of His disciples said unto Him, "See, what manner of stones, what buildings are these?" and Jesus answered and said unto him, "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." And as He sat upon the Mount of Olives, over against the temple, Peter, James, John and Andrew asked Him privately (Peter, no doubt, the spokesman), "Tell us when these things shall be, and what shall be the sign when all these things shall be fulfilled?" Peter, what do you want to know for? It is the nature of the man. If he had a definite sign of the fulfillment and then the fulfillment, he could have something for his faith to rest upon. He is seeking for evidence, he is willing to make an honest test. When Christ said, "Let down the net," though he had toiled all the night and caught nothing, though the noise upon the shore and the time of day might be unfavorable to fishing, still he was willing to make the test. "At Thy word, Lord, I let down the net." In my text, when all the other disciples had scattered and fled, Peter followed "to see the end." He was not satisfied, he was never satis-

fied until he had gone to the bottom of everything. Another tried to follow close to the Master, and the servants of the high priest turned and stripped the robes from him and he ran away naked. Peter followed at a distance, the only way he could have followed. I used to think from the abuse heaped upon him for following at a distance that all the other disciples walked close to their Master, speaking sympathizing words as He journeyed, but the truth is that Peter was the only one that dared follow Him at all, unless that other disciple were John, and there is strong evidence that it was a layman, and not one of the twelve. If this be true, Peter was the only one that dared to follow his Lord. Though the disciples followed Peter when he went fishing, they do not follow him when he walks into the jaws of death.

Peter was determined to see the end. When it was announced that Jesus had arisen from the dead Peter and John ran to the sepulcher. John possibly, being the younger, out-ran Peter, and came first to the sepulcher, and seeing the stone rolled away, was satisfied and stopped, but Peter did not stop until his eye searched the sepulcher from one end to the other and saw the napkins folded. He was a man not to

stop until he went to the bottom. Not only an honest doubter, but he was an earnest man, an impulsive man. On the Mount of Transfiguration, when he "was transfigured before them, his face did shine as the sun, his raiment was white as the light, and behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking unto them." He then answered, and said unto Jesus, "Lord, it is good for us to be here. If Thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for Thee, one for Moses and one for Elias." This was a great hour for St. Peter. When Moses, the great representative of the dispensation of the law; Elias, the representative of the prophetic dispensation, and Jesus, the representative of the new dispensation, stood together Peter's faith began to glow, his earnest heart wanted to linger there. Have you never been at a place, some great meeting, for instance, where the Gospel was greatly honored and where wonderful power was manifested, and your faith seemed stronger than at any other period of your life? Did you never desire to linger longer? One of the great tests of the presence of God in a congregation is the disposition on the part of the people to linger after the services. Faith is strong, hope is bright, God is near, and we are loath to leave the

sacred place. Peter's character is beautifully illustrated in the little scene where Jesus began to wash His disciples' feet. "Then cometh He to Simon Peter. And Peter saith unto Him, 'Lord, dost thou wash my feet? Thou shalt never wash my feet.' And Jesus answered him, and said, 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me.' " St. Peter said unto Him, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." When Christ came to wash Peter's feet his manliness declined, but when informed, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me," he was willing to be washed all over by the Master, if it but gave him a part with Him. How impulsive and gushing are the words, "Not my feet only, but my hands and my head." Christ recognized the fact that He had in St. Peter an earnest doubter, but a faithful searcher for the truth, and He had him present at all the miracles which He wrought. Christ seemed anxious to establish him in the faith. As they were going to Jerusalem, and Christ passed the barren fig tree, He cursed it. "And in the morning as they passed by they saw the fig tree dried up from the roots." And Peter, calling to remembrance, said unto Him, "Master, behold, the fig tree which Thou cursed is withered away." Did you

ever notice the answer? To me it seems pathetic. Christ had watched this earnest man seeking for truth, and in answer to this inquiry of Peter's He simply said, "Have faith in God."

One among the last conversations the Master had with Peter He said a thing that has always interested me. "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed that thy faith fail thee not, and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Christ seemed to be relying upon Peter. He seemed to look to him as the one who, when thoroughly rooted and grounded in the faith, will be a great help and stay to the others. "Satan hath desired to sift thee as wheat." When the wheat is sifted, nothing but the chaff remains, but when the wheat is winnowed the chaff is blown away and nothing but the wheat remains. Christ's leaning upon this great Apostle and praying for him is, to me, a fact of great significance. Christ regarded him as a man of such strength of character as that, when thoroughly settled, he should be a great tower of strength to his brethren, and so he proved. When Peter was in prison the church was in distress. The good women gathered and spent the hours in prayer. We have

thus looked at his character from many standpoints, and I now come to the most interesting phase of his life, that from the day of Pentecost to his death.

A life never rises higher than its faith. St. Peter's life vacillated between doubt and faith. After he had seen his Master walk upon the water and all that were in the ship cried out, "Thou art the son of God;" when at Caesarea Phillipi Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God;" when at the transfiguration he saw the glory of God it seemed that at each of these points his faith was settled; but when he followed to the palace "to see the end" and saw his Master insulted and buffeted, saw Him apparently powerless in the hands of the enemy, saw Him apparently shorn of all His strength, when challenged to prove Himself God he was silent, when asked even to prophesy who smote Him he seemed unable to do so, Peter's faith failed him, and he gives us the darkest scene in his whole life, in his denial of his Lord. But when his Master looked at him on his third denial, just as the cock crew, the glance of his Master shot an arrow into his heart, he turned and walked into the darkness; whether he prostrated himself upon the earth or whether he stood, I do not know, but he wept bit-

terly. How bitterly he wept, none but God and he knew. It is difficult to determine what was the state of this great man's mind, as it struggled with the words of the Master, with the miracles, with the mock robe, with the crown of thorns and His death upon Calvary. When he struggled with the false reports of Roman soldiers and empty sepulcher, when we remember that he was but a man, it is difficult to tell what states of mind he possessed. The record tells that in the darkness he turns back to his net, to his boat and to the sea. As they toiled all night and at each lifting of the net there appeared nothing, no one can tell how oft his mind went back to his Master and to His words. No one can tell how oft he thought of the miraculous draft of fishes when his Master was in the boat, and when he hung his net upon his Master's words. As they were closing up a long, sad, fruitless night of labor and a form on the shore in the gray of the morning asked the question, "Children, have you any meat?" who can tell what thoughts were awakened in the minds of those tired fishermen? The promptness with which they cast their nets upon the right side of the vessel at His command shows that there was a gleam of light in His appearance on the shore, which was further

proved by the fact that so quickly "that disciple whom Jesus loved said unto Peter, 'It is the Lord.' " Who can tell the feelings of Peter when he heard it was the Lord and girt his fisher's coat unto him and cast himself into the sea, who can describe his feelings when he looked upon his risen Lord standing upon the shore of Galilee, who can tell how quickly he ran through miracle and speech and event, through the crucifixion and burial up to that hour, and what a wonderful grip his faith took on the Gospel when he looked through all these things at his risen Lord? If I were a painter I would paint the grouping of these pictures upon the shores of the sea. It is a group of all the great events in St. Peter's life. When Peter stood upon the shore with his Master, Christ addressed him, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" More than these, did you note that He said unto him, "Simon, son of Jonas;" that was the first thing the Master ever said unto him, that was the first name the Master ever called him. How that carried him back to the moment when he first met his Lord. The fishes floundering upon the shore carried him back to the second time he ever met his Lord. When looking upon the floundering fishes his Master had said, "Follow Me."

It carried him back to the hour when hanging his net on his Master's words he had caught his first miraculous draft of fishes. Jesus had said, "Go into Galilee and wait until I come." He did not say go back to your fishing, He did not say go back to your occupation, He said "Wait." If they were out of meat and hunger forced them to the fish-net, if they had hungered twelve hours more hanging on the words of their Master, He would have come to them, bringing meat. If you notice, "As soon as they were come to land they saw the fire of coals there, fish laid thereon, and bread." Jesus saith, "Bring of the fish which ye have now caught." How oft we give up just in the hour of triumph, how oft we fail just at the moment of the supreme test. The bread question has driven many a servant of God to secularity, the bread and meat question has driven many a servant of God to the boat and to the net. In the first miraculous draft of fishes Christ said, "Hang your life on My word." They forsook all and followed Him, but in the dark moment they went back to the net and to the boat. How the floundering fishes carried Peter back to the moment when he proposed to hang all on the word of Christ. Jesus said unto them, "Come and dine." When was

the last time Peter sat with his Master? Was it not in the hour when he said unto him, "Though all men be offended, yet will I never be offended?" How that little meal carried him back to the hour when he made his strong profession which he had so poorly carried out. As the fire burned upon the shore and they stood around it, how that little picture carried him back to the last time when he stood by the fire in the presence of his Master and denied him, saying, "I know not the man." How the crowing of the chickens from the hillside houses by the sea carried him back to the time he heard the chicken crow in the presence of his Master. Well may he say as he looks upon each of these pictures, bringing up every great event in his past life, "Lord, Thou knowest all things." There was one thing that this earnest, honest man knew, and he was confident that his Master had the same knowledge, and that was, "I love Thee." Looking over his whole past life, which the Saviour had brought in panoramic view before him, the name he gave, the floundering fishes, the supper, the fire and the crowing of the cock, brought vividly before him every dark picture of his life. Looking back over it, he said, in substance, "Lord, you know all." The pictures before us bring out

every slip I have made, but I fall back amid all my stumbling on one proposition, "I love Thee." Here the divinity of Jesus Christ was settled. After being settled, it settled everything else. Christ said, "Tarry ye at Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." St. Peter took that command and lingered. Perhaps, after they had waited in Jerusalem three days and nights and the power had not come, the devil said unto Peter, "Your Lord has gone and the power cometh not, you had better return to the net," but Peter waited. When the seventh day came, possibly, the devil said, "You have waited a whole week and the power cometh not." When the ninth day came, perhaps the devil made his hardest fight in the very crisis, but Peter waited. The power came and he preached a sermon that led three thousand souls to Christ. Never before has Peter absolutely surrendered the world, never before had he made up his mind to hang on the words of the Lord Jesus, though he should starve.

It is this absolute, unconditional consecration fight to the supreme test that qualifies any man for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. As Peter stands preaching that wonderful sermon if one had said, "Are you

not the man who denied his Lord in the palace?" he could have answered, "I have wept bitterly, surrendered and prayed ten days since that." In this great Apostle we have a wonderful example of how the disciple of Jesus Christ is endued with power. Brother, have you ever had the supreme test? Have you seen the bottom of the flour barrel? Have you seen the last piece of meat on the griddle? Have you stood the supreme test of giving up this old world and hanging your life upon the words of the Lord Jesus Christ? Have you, after this complete surrender, laid all upon the altar and waited for the fire to come? Have you had the glorious experience that follows such a surrender and such a waiting in the upper chamber?



